★ JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 16, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1796

THIS IS FRANCES HIMMLER

AIR RAIDS! £3,950 MORE CLAIMS PAID

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE? *by the* EDITOR

A FOOD AT LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE!

Weekly budgets down, now favourite food-drink reduced in price

CADBURY'S famous Bournville Cocoa — always an economy drink and now more so than ever — is DOWN IN PRICE to 5d per ¼ lb! To-day housewives who want to cut down those rising bills are making full use of Bournville as a *food*. For instance, if you make it with milk, a cup of Bournville costs just over 1d, but contains the value of 2 eggs — and everyone knows *they* cost a fortune nowadays. And even made without milk you get a steaming cupful of energy-giving food that makes the family meals go further.

★ **A family of four people, having Bournville Cocoa every supper-time, usually find that a ¼ lb tin per week is plenty.**

IT'S THE 5-STAR COCOA

★ **EXTRA FOOD VALUE.**
Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, and natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember, a cup of Bournville — the 5-Star Cocoa — is a cup of food.

★ **IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER.**
The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your bloodstream, makes you feel stronger.

★ **PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH.**
Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.

★ **AID TO DIGESTION.**
Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods and so makes every meal go further.

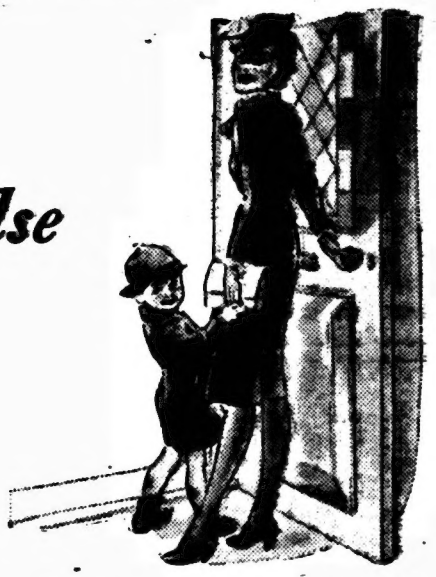
★ **VITAMINS — VITAL TO HEALTH.**
Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the natural *sunshine Vitamin D, specially necessary for kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.*

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR **COCOA**

QUALITY UNALTERED

Down to 5ᵖ per quarter pound

"Want anything else from Boots?"



Being a shrewd shopper, she likes to choose from a varied selection of merchandise. That's one of the reasons why she always goes to Boots for the family's medicinal and toilet requirements. And whenever there's a prescription to be made up, she takes it to Boots as a matter of course. Two thousand qualified chemists supervise the dispensing of prescriptions in Boots twelve hundred branches. And this professional skill is accompanied by a friendly, helpful service that makes every Boots a pleasant place for shopping—as you will discover on visiting your local branch.

You can rely on Boots Chemists

21c/JB BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

He's a 'plus' dog, companionable, lively, never scratches, never mopes. What a dog! What a friend! . . . And all because master conditions him every day with Bob Martin's — the famous powders which *by purifying the blood*, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember — one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powders

In packets of 9 or 21 from all chemists, pet shops, or corn merchants.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

FOOD FACTS

HERE is some more news about "protective foods". *Vegetables* of all sorts (including potatoes) strengthen our resistance to illness and fatigue. They build sound bones and strong teeth in our children. They (and milk) are as near to the Elixir of Life as we are likely to get!

That is why it's so important to grow all the vegetables we can in our gardens and allotments; to cook them so that all the goodness is retained; and *never* to waste any. Outside leaves should be used for stock or soup. Left-over cooked vegetables can be mixed into a salad. And vegetable water is much too precious to throw away—it should be added to soup or gravy. That's the way to win the war on the Kitchen Front!

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Cabbage without Tears

Cabbage needn't be the soggy mess it so often is. Here is a way to prepare it which you can apply to all green vegetables. Wash the cabbage thoroughly and soak it in cold water with a teaspoonful of salt, for not more than half an hour. Slice the cabbage finely and put it in a saucepan with a sprinkling of salt and a teacupful of boiling water. Cover, and boil steadily for about 15 minutes. Shake the pan several times while cooking. If you can spare it, add a little margarine to the water. Strain off any liquid left in the pan and use it for gravy or soup. Serve the cabbage piping hot.

Potato and Watercress Soup

This is a real 'protective' dish. Scrub a pound of potatoes and cut into quarters. Boil in 1½ pints of water until soft. Then put through a sieve, return to the pan, add a bunch of watercress shredded, and pepper and salt to taste. Simmer very gently for 5 minutes, adding a little milk if the soup is too thick. (*This makes enough for 4 people.*)

Brose, a Scottish Recipe

This is another protective dish—and a very delicious one. Prepare and slice a turnip, a few carrots and some cabbage, or any other vegetables you have. Put them in a pan with a meaty bone, cover with water and simmer until tender.

Put a handful of oatmeal into a soup bowl (a separate bowl is required for each person), add a pinch of pepper and salt and a small piece of margarine. Now add a ladleful of stock from the pan while still boiling and stir. Serve immediately.

The vegetables themselves may be served for the next course.

A Vote of Thanks

Now for a Vote of Thanks—to the merchant seamen, dockers, transport workers, wholesalers and retailers who look after our food supplies! (If you add the Ministry of Food we shall be pleased and proud, but silent.) Thanks to them we have foods for health and foods for pleasure—*and* we don't have to wait in queues. These men form one more group of civilians to whom the whole country owes gratitude.

Cautionary Tale!

Auntie threw her rinds away.
To the lock-up she was taken.
There she is and there she'll stay
Till she learns to save her bacon!

★

You can hear the answers to just your kind of food problems on the wireless at 8.15 every morning.

★

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 16, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

SILLY POLICY OF GLOOM

WHY smother the good news?

We ask because recent weeks have shown that our leaders are much too slow in releasing news of favourable developments in the war.

They are still too grudging in their encouragement to a defiant and determined nation, are apparently not anxious to increase our prestige abroad.

Britain has proved that it can take heavy knocks. Would it wilt if given a pat on the back?

Dry-as-Dust Bulletin

Smashing of the invasion army by the R.A.F. was told to the world in piecemeal, dull and almost contemptuous fashion.

Why? There can be no possible excuse for such bungling.

It was first casually and briefly announced on a Saturday morning. Days later, after frantic demands by British and foreign journalists for details, some supplementary but colourless points were given in an Air Ministry bulletin.

There was no reason why the whole facts could not have been given in the first place.

Oh, Mr. Bevin!

Then a few more details were released in Mr. A. V. Alexander's speech. Next, Mr. Bevin stated bluntly that six months' intensive effort by the workers would enable us to crush the Nazis.

And one day last week so well-informed and detached an observer as General Smuts—after his meeting with Mr. Eden—stated that Hitler could only repeat his invasion attempt "with even less chance of success."

Not so Stupid!

The public should not be left to piece together the fragments of good news in this way. The Ministry of Information should release all the facts promptly.

Surely it is not imagined that the people who have grimly endured nightly bombing would be softened by good news?

JOHN BULL, at any rate, knows that the British public is not so stupid as to imagine that the prospects of invasion, though now unfavourable, have entirely disappeared.

Tell Us All Now!

Nor are the people so devoid of imagination as to clamour for news that would help the enemy. They ask only that they shall be told the news quickly, whether it is good or bad.

It is sound sense to face all the trials that may lie before us, to prepare for a long struggle, to admit setbacks.

It is crazy to refuse to admit the signs of brighter times ahead, to deprecate our already great achievements, to give no cheer to our friends abroad.

Britain Can Take It!

A word of warning must be given to the Air Ministry. Although sparing in its admission of air successes, it occasionally suppresses less welcome facts.

It tells us that since August 8 the Nazis have lost at least 2,433 machines, more than 6,000 men. It states that we have lost 353 fighter pilots.

Justice demands that our bomber losses should be admitted.

We all know that the Nazis are not bombed every night without some small loss to ourselves. To make no mention of these figures—though they are stated each day—in a three months' survey invites a Nazi sneer against "British dishonesty."

Italy's Turn Next

It may be that our losses will increase in the winter months ahead. We must be prepared for that, particularly because the R.A.F.'s activities are rapidly to increase.

At last Italy is to receive the full weight of our aerial striking force.

In six months of war she has suffered only a few visits from our bombers.

The Prime Minister, noting the demands of M.P.s and the first real criticism he has had to face from the Press, has guaranteed to "make amends" for this curious treat-her-softly policy.

Begin Offensive

JOHN BULL, first to insist that the jackal Mussolini should not be spared our attentions, will not support the newspaper "experts" who presume to tell the High Command exactly where and how our blows shall be launched.

But every citizen has a right to demand that Britain will not rest on the defensive but begin the offensive, and to give vigorous aid to Greece without weakening our forces in Egypt.

There must be no more pulled punches!

Halifax Wants to Go

To strengthen our punches, further changes in the Government are likely before Christmas.

One of the Ministers who may go is Lord Halifax.

He has given loyal and disinterested service to the State.

He wanted to retire long ago. The Prime Minister regarded him as indispensable. But Lord Halifax is insistent.

Mr. Eden, who has been charged with diplomatic as well as military missions during his visits to the Middle East, may soon be Foreign Secretary again.

Home Front Changes

Changes will be made in home affairs.

The Home Guard reforms will strengthen our defences while retaining the democratic nature of our "citizen army."

A pity, incidentally, that the democratic reforms in the regular Army have now been stamped out in the press of war.

Big changes are under consideration in the "boiler suit army"—the A.R.P. services.

Something is Wrong

No criticism of the way in which wardens and rescue men are performing their tasks. Criticism, rather, of the organisation that leaves some areas badly understaffed.

This is not wholly due to the lack of recruits. One of our readers volunteered for a rescue squad sixteen months ago, attended lectures for nine weeks, but could not obtain enlistment.

His letters, enclosing stamped envelopes, were unanswered.

Then, six weeks ago, he was asked whether he would be willing to begin his duties—and attend the lectures all over again!

This Needs Attention

There is no hint as yet that another gap in our war system is to be closed. No free medical service for the families of Servicemen

One airman's wife, living on 39s. a week, has a doctor's bill for £4 17s., a prescription for medicines costing 15s. a week. She cannot pay either without defaulting on the rent.

When a woman is about to have a baby she needs extra nourishment. How can she pay for that on an ordinary Service allowance?

Such people—and they number tens of thousands—are loath to seek public assistance. They should not need to brand themselves as paupers.

A Cripple's Wife

Means Test changes are but a beginning. More should follow; meanness should be erased from the Public Assistance Committee Code.

A paralysed man, sent to hospital, went for weeks without news of his wife, who held his old age pension book.

Nearly demented, he was given permission to look for her—and found that she had been killed in the bombed wreckage of his home.

Then, utterly penniless, he sought aid from the Public Assistance Committee. He was given two shillings.

(Continued overleaf)

CRETE—Key to the Near East

● **CRETE is the new key name of the war.**

Occupation of Crete has not only provided Britain with sea and air bases from which to hammer Italian troops bound for Greece, but also it menaces the whole Axis battle-front in the Middle East.

Only route for Italian reinforcements and vital stores for the Egypt campaign is across the Mediterranean to Libya.

That route is within easy striking distance of Britain's new bases.

So British occupation of Crete, island of long-vanished cities and human sacrifices, can be made the biggest Axis sacrifice.

Dunkirk saved the B.E.F.

Crete may save the Middle East.

That is why neutral newspapers are saying that if we use our new opportunity to its fullest extent the Axis will be snapped.

£3,950 MORE CLAIMS PAID TO AIR RAID VICTIMS

A £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER *SEE PAGE 6*

★ Child Evacuees Have No Boots for School Trek
★ Farmers May Have to Prove Their Competence
★ War Office Faced with Compassionate Leave Problem
★ Why Sailor's Boy Must Go Without His Milk
★ Saga of a Traveller in Search of a Military Pass

(Continued from preceding page)

NEARLY a thousand farms have been commandeered because their owners were not cultivating them properly. They are now being managed by experts appointed by county agricultural committees.

Sometimes the farmer was to blame for the neglect, sometimes the landowner.

M.P.s intend to urge that the offenders must provide effective guarantees before the farms are given back to them after the war.

Bootless Evacuees

Urgent, very urgent, health problems are arising from the evacuation of children.

Many of them need clothing that their parents and foster-parents are too poor to provide.

Conditions in a Hertfordshire village are typical. Seven out of ten child refugees there arrived with only plimsolls for footwear.

Villagers clubbed together to buy them Wellingtons, now worn out. One bootless youngster has been unable to attend school for a fortnight.

L.C.C. refuses grants for new clothes, merely suggests that the villagers shall be asked to make fresh gifts!

2s. A Week Offer

One family has agreed to pay 2s. a week towards clothes for its evacuated children. L.C.C. asks villagers to buy these clothes and be paid back by the parents' instalments.

Winter damp will aggravate the problem in every country reception area.

Thousands of child evacuees have to trudge miles along slushy lanes or across sodden fields to school.

Rheumatic Future

Schoolmaster Eddie Williams, chairman of the Children's Nutrition Council for Wales, agrees with JOHN BULL that provision of clothes and shoes should be a Government responsibility.

"Why rear a race full of rheumatism?" he demands, telling us of the pathetic plight of youngsters at his own school.

What We Need

Welsh billeting officer asks why bedding salvaged from bombed cities can't be sent to reception areas where it is badly needed by evacuees.

We pass on the idea to Mr. Morrison.

Above all, we need a Morrison in the Cabinet to co-ordinate all evacuation activities, to see that no excuse remains for the parents who keep 300,000 children in London.

No Pints for Him

Loose ends remain in the cheap milk scheme.

When a sailor's child reached the age of five, his milk allowance was stopped.

Because his birthday came a fortnight after the beginning of a new term, he cannot go to school—where he would again be allowed cheap milk—until the January term.

Thus the child must go without vital food during the worst months of the year. Naval allowance of **2s. a week** for him (he is the third child in the family) obviously won't pay for a pint a day.

Lack-witted Lot

Co-ordination seems beyond the wits of officialdom to devise.

A big concern wants to build a new dairy to increase Britain's butter and cheese supply.

To get priority certificates to obtain cement and timber, it had to apply first to the Ministry of Food, then to a priority officer, then to the Milk Board, and finally to the Office of Works.

It has at last received some—only some—of the necessary materials.

Out of His Misery

A commercial traveller applied at Ilford for a permit to take his car along the East Coast.

The police referred him to Chelmsford, where he was told to apply at Colchester. From there he was politely sent to Ipswich, in which town he eventually found a solicitor's clerk who ended his difficulties.

Would-be Pilots

Having exhausted the public schools, R.A.F. officials are now touring secondary schools to look for would-be pilots.

Presumably such youths will not be asked—as some applicants have been—whether they hunt or fish or have private incomes.

Contrast the present-day method of getting recruits with what happened last time.

A JOHN BULL man, serving with the Army in France, applied for transfer to the R.A.F., was told by his captain to steal the first bike he could see and get to the base.

He was an Airman

At the base, an R.A.F. officer asked him two questions: "*You are facing north, where is north-north-east? A dozen and a three-quarter pencils at 1s 9d. how much a dozen?*"

He answered correctly. So they sent him home and made a pilot of him.

Best pilot the British Empire ever had was Bert Hinkler, who could redesign parts of his machines and fly to Australia in them.

The R.A.F., to-day, wouldn't have looked at him.

They Want to Go Home

Problem for the War Office is whether more leave can be granted without delay to military training.

Compassionate leave is given to men who have lost a close relative or have their homes destroyed.

But the men naturally want to see their families alive and their homes intact.

Weeding Out the Weedy

Too often the Army is blamed for faults not of its own making. Particularly is this the case with unfit men who are passed for military service by the Ministry of Labour's medical boards.

Army doctors are now on their mettle in examining new recruits. In one unit alone they found a man with enlarged heart, another who had had nine operations on a leg that was an inch shorter than the other.

Both were packed off home the same day.

Numbers Still Unobtainable

Improvement is also claimed for the telephone service. Unfortunately, we haven't noticed it.

Of course, the P.O. has had difficulties in the bombed areas. But so have other big corporations—and have overcome them. Moreover, the bombing hasn't been so severe as to make us forget pre-war 'phone lapses.

Postmaster-General W. S. Morrison has a big chance to amend for his failure in other Ministries. He must tell his slow-moving officials that the 'phone is too vital a service to permit of repairs at the present leisurely "we've always done it this way" rate.

Quick Service

Admittedly, one section of the Department is quick to act.

Subscriber who has been unable to use his 'phone for weeks because of the great hold-up has nevertheless received the quarter's account as promptly as ever, plus a warning that he will be cut off unless he pays within the specified time

Chance for Tommy's Wife

JOHN BULL refuses to believe that provincial linesmen could not help repair London's 'phone system after a few hours' tuition. Tens of thousands out-of-work electricians could be enlisted for the "donkey work."

Women in search of war jobs have a chance to become operators. Age limit is forty, and after training their wages will be 49s. 6d. Girls between sixteen and nineteen, can join the permanent staff, starting at 30s. a week.

Slow Motion

Some local authorities rival even the Post Office in delaying business.

A firm in the borough of Holborn had its basement damaged by blast. Weeks went by before its staff was even admitted to the premises.

And when it asked the local authority about getting the damage assessed, it was calmly told that this would probably take months.

Week-end Learning

London's experiment of opening evening institutes at week-ends is flagging, despite the soundness of the idea.

Six hours—two on Saturday and four on Sunday—seems a lot to take out of a young worker's week-end. But he or she can attend for only three or four hours, obtain sufficient guidance for whatever homework is possible.

Why not a short advertising campaign to popularise a scheme that is a real necessity for ambitious youngsters?

Behind the News

● **Italian morale is falling fast. Mussolini's public realises that Britain has secured, without fighting, Greek bases so vital to any Axis drive in the Near East.**

● *Graziani's difficulties in Libya have become more serious. Native troops, made to bear the brunt of fighting both in Africa and Greece, are discontented, while Italian cowardice is encouraging tribesmen to revolt and desert.*

● **Haile Selassie is doing well; Abyssinians are receiving supplies of modern arms and are gradually forcing Italian outposts back towards central stations.**

● **Land convoys from Eritrea to Somaliland are being ambushed. Losses of stores which cannot be replaced from Italy, mainly petrol, are considerable. Whole regiments are having to be diverted to escort work.**

● *Nazi efforts to line Spain up against Britain continue to prove abortive. Spanish opinion has been profoundly impressed by swift British aid to Greece.*

● **While denials are deliberately issued by Nazi propaganda to confuse the facts about Hitler's intended peace kite, truth is that his High Command is extremely worried by the failure to beat England. Nazi realists are pressing him to use every diplomatic twist to stop the war before the tide turns more strongly against them.**

● **The Nazi-Soviet dispute over the Balkan Commission has widened. Stalin now has 150 divisions of troops against Hitler's 70 divisions at strategic points along the whole frontier.**

● *B.B.C. broadcasts are regularly heard in Bohemia and Moravia, and from there the news is being spread effectively throughout Germany. Czechs have also formed an "underground line" along which reliable news is sent abroad.*

● **Because many Dutchmen speak fluent German, it has been found that many important German orders have been cleverly distorted in process of relay and that a large number of Nazi plans have gone wrong.**

"JOHN BULL" CHRISTMAS GIFT

"JOHN BULL'S" Christmas gift for readers announced last week has been enthusiastically acclaimed throughout the country.

Readers realise that there could be no more welcome gift for friends serving with the Forces or members of their families than this superb Fountain Pen and Writing Set offered by JOHN BULL **on page 23.** Have you applied yet?

For Better, for Worse?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

LIKE wayfarers, overtaken by nightfall on some wild moor, the peoples of the British Commonwealth have been fighting through the darkness of the world war for some fourteen months.

They have stumbled into unexpected dangers. They have narrowly escaped from quagmires of treachery and betrayal.

They were driven by the first leaders to the brink of disaster. Trusted friends forsook them and staunch comrades failed.

But they never lost faith in the star of freedom by which they had set their course. They chose new leaders to replace the old, and they toiled stubbornly onwards.

Now, in the recent words of the First Lord of the Admiralty, "the road to victory is beginning to define itself."

The glimmer of dawn is breaking through the darkness and lighting a pathway beneath their feet. In six months—or so the Minister of Labour declares—Britain's armaments will be greater and more numerous than the enemy's.

What will the *people* find at journey's end? What does the *people* hope to find?

JOHN BULL has never doubted the ultimate triumph of British arms. It has far less confidence in the triumph of "British aims," because our leaders have never yet dared—or cared—to define them.

And we shall not be satisfied with any assurance of victory or even with victory itself, until we know the purposes to which our triumph will be put.

It is not enough to defeat the enemy who assails us from without. We must also overthrow the traitors who would destroy us from within.

The public has been told again and again that we are fighting to destroy "Hitlerism." If that were the whole truth, well and good, but it might be one thing to smash Hitler and quite another to uproot the rotten principles of the Nazi-Fascist tyranny.

Listen to this quotation from a recent newspaper article by the Very Reverend Dr. Inge:—

"Those who prate about a better social order after the war are talking mischievous nonsense. However the war ends, we shall be an impoverished nation. We shall all have to work harder and to spend less."

JOHN BULL maintains that this is worse than "mischievous nonsense." It is a betrayal of the people's faith. In our view—and to use language which the Church has often used in matters of religious, as distinct from political and economic controversy—it is "a damnable heresy."

The former Dean of St. Paul's—"the Gloomy Dean" of a generation ago—has no present claim to leadership of any kind whatever.

We are untroubled by the possibility of his working harder and spending less. Many wealthy clerics could do both to great advantage.

We quote him solely because we fear that his views are shared by thousands of men and women in the "privileged classes."

And, among these men and women, there are undoubtedly many who imagine that *we* are such fools as to risk our lives and our money, and much else that we hold more precious still, to maintain *them* for ever in positions of ease and affluence and condescending patronage.

"For better, for worse," this war *cannot* end without some kind of social and economic revolution.

Perhaps we *shall* all have to work harder. If so, there will be at least a million of our unemployed with no cause for complaint. They have been breaking their hearts for a job of work ever since the last war, and we didn't find one for them.

Perhaps some of us *will* have to spend less. Still, the workless and the Old Age Pensioners and the millions who are living at bare subsistence level will have no reason to grumble, for they can't spend much less than they do now.

PERHAPS, on the other hand, we shall use our victory—no matter what Dr. Inge and his friends may believe to the contrary—to set up "a better order," which will secure a more equal justice and a fairer chance of happiness for all alike.

If we do not do this, we shall lose the war against "Hitlerism" in the very hour of our victory over Hitler.

France *had* lost that war long before Petain surrendered to the enemy. Many of her rulers, most of her rich men and big industrialists and the whole of her "Two Hundred Families" preferred to yield to the "Bosche" rather than to yield to "the common people."

"Surely," said one of our M.P.s, in the early days of the Spanish Civil War, to Monsieur Flandin, ex-Premier, "Surely you cannot want France to have the Fascist Axis on your southern frontier as well?"

"Why not?" replied Flandin, blandly. "It is about the only way we can keep our workmen in order."

Other leading Frenchmen shared the view of this pro-Fascist, pro-Franco reactionary. Hence the farce of "non-intervention." Hence, with the connivance of our own "Old Gang," the Munich Pact, which sold Czecho-Slovakia to the enemy; and hence, at long and bitter last, the infamy and shame of the Petain-Laval capitulation.

JOHN BULL, respecting Winston Churchill for his great qualities, and recognising in him the one man best fitted to lead the country in this time of crisis, does not conceal its regret that he should have become leader of the Conservative Party. We owe allegiance to no political party, but we face the fact that the huge Tory majority in the House of Commons does include, and must include, a high proportion of the "privileged classes," whose tendency is rather to conserve their own fortunes than to build that better world for which ordinary men and women believe they are fighting.

Perhaps the Premier had little choice. Perhaps he saw no other way to secure the solid support he needs while the war continues.

Even so, we are strongly of opinion that Mr. Churchill, as head of the Coalition Government, would do well to declare his war aims, if not for Europe, at least for the British Empire.

"He ought to realise," as Mr. Harold Laski wrote in a recent article, "that the time has come to make effective the full partnership between his forces and those of Labour.

"And the way to make that partnership effective is to publish the title deeds."

They have not been published. We have searched our files and sought in vain for any official pronouncement of the Government's plans to promote the well-being of the peoples of this country and the British Commonwealth after victory is won.

Alone among our present Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Ernest Bevin has dared to promise the public some fulfilment of its most earnest aspirations.

Of final "victory" there must be and there can be no question. But it is for you—the ordinary men and women, whose "blood and tears and sweat" can alone achieve it—to resolve now what shall be done with the fruits of conquest.

Are you not fighting for Democracy, and what is Democracy but "government of the people, by the people and *for* the people"?

There will be a new world and a new social order whether you like it or not. The change is inevitable. Whether it be for better or for worse is for you to decide.

This is FRANCE'S Himmler

Marshal Petain, doddering Fuehrer of an enslaved France, declares that "Ministers are responsible only to me. And history shall judge."

History may find excuses for his senile weakness, but it will judge harshly the man he has just made his arch-spy and slave-driver, says VICTOR SCHIFF.

★

LET me introduce to you the man who has become the French Himmler, a tyrant whose name will be cursed by all upholders of freedom.

Because you will read much about him in future, you need to know Marcel Peyrouton for what he is.

His appointment as Minister of the Interior makes it plain that France has become a Fascist State.

Until the Axis is snapped, the men of Vichy will rule against the wishes of most French people and despite growing discontent.

For that they need a bully who is ready to jail thousands of political opponents, to crush strikes and demonstrations and food riots, to create a new system of secret police.

In short, a Home Secretary who will do all the dirty work of a dictatorship and imitate the methods of Himmler's Gestapo.

That is why M. Marcel Peyrouton has been chosen for the job.

Gangster Type

Look at his face: Could Hollywood pick a better type to play the part of a ruthless dictator or gangster?

And his features reflect his career.

He is the third Minister of the Interior in Pétain's Cabinet within three months. The first two, old Members of Parliament, might have shown some consideration towards former colleagues whom Laval wants to put out of the political way.

But Marcel Peyrouton had proved in the years when he was Resident-General of Tunisia that he is tough enough to suit even Laval.

Tunisia, like Morocco, is a French Protectorate. It has, theoretically, its own sovereign, an old, decent but weak man.

The actual power is in the hands of his French "adviser," the Resident-General.

Until a few years ago, Italian colonists outnumbered the French, but now the French are in the majority.

They are only a small minority among millions of voteless Moslem natives, who are ruthlessly exploited as phosphate and sulphur miners, or dockers, by big capitalist enterprises.

In recent years the natives demanded more rights and better living conditions. They were supported by local French trade unions and by the numerous Italian anti-Fascists.

M. Peyrouton ended this danger to vested interests by a combination of cunning and brutality.

He reconciled French and Italian Fascists against their political opponents and the natives.

Leaders Removed

As he had no right to disband the labour organisations, he began to deprive them of their leaders, mostly French teachers, Civil Servants, railwaymen. Under various pretexts he sent them back to France.

Time and again he suppressed the only Labour daily paper.

Strikes of phosphate miners were ruthlessly crushed, blood was spilt, by troops.

But that was not enough: Peyrouton invented a new form of concentration camp for the natives who dared to agitate for decent conditions.

They were arrested by hundreds and banished to the Sahara desert, thousand miles from their homes, for work on roads or fortifications, with no chance of escaping across the desolate sands.

Ministers in Paris were at first pleased with their "strong man" in Tunisia. But when they learned that the revolt among the natives and anti-Fascist Whites was becoming widespread, when French trade unions and deputies asked awkward questions, when newspapers sent special correspondents to investigate, the Ministers were frightened.

Splendid Compensation

Early in 1936, therefore, M. Peyrouton was recalled.

But almost at once he received a splendid compensation—the even more important post of Resident-General in Morocco.

Who was it whose protection was powerful enough to turn a disgrace into a promotion?

His father-in-law, Louis Malvy.

This former Minister of the Interior, who had all sorts of painful adventures in the past, was a typical business-politician of the Radical Party.

A notorious gambler, M. Malvy drew a high salary as "legal adviser" to the International Sleeping Car Company, which never asked him to plead in court but needed his influence as a Radical M.P. with the Government.

He never missed a race. Sometimes I saw him at Longchamp or Auteuil buying a 500-franc tote ticket; next time I'd see him queuing up at the 10-franc counter.

Racegoers who knew him would whisper jeeringly: "Malvy is 'broke' again. He must have just borrowed a bit from a pal."

On the Top Rung

Yet his influence in the Radical Party, his close associations with M. Chautemps and Georges Bonnet remained unaffected. And Marcel Peyrouton climbed to the highest post which the French Civil Service can offer.

But, a few weeks later, the general election brought an overwhelming Left majority and a Cabinet led by Léon Blum.

One of the first moves of the new Socialist Premier was to recall the reactionary bully, who had so recently been jailing Socialists and trade unionists in Tunisia.

Marcel Peyrouton returned to Paris, a broken man.

He knew that the protection of his father-in-law, the intervention by other politicians, would not save him this time.

Then something happened for which, I am afraid, not only M. Blum but all French democrats will have to suffer as long as the Vichy rule lasts.

Marcel Peyrouton, the "strong man," very humbly asked the Socialist Premier for an audience.

He begged M. Blum to reconsider his decision, swore that he was the victim of misrepresentation, no reactionary, but a loyal servant of the Republic.

Conditions in Tunisia were peculiar, he urged, but if he were given a chance in Morocco for a few weeks he would be able to give proof of his democratic creed.

M. Blum, disgusted by this lack of self-respect, refused bluntly to change his mind.

Peyrouton now lost every vestige of dignity.

With a trembling voice, he pleaded with the Prime Minister not to smash his brilliant career while he was still only fifty. Finally he broke into tears and fell sobbing in an armchair.

M. Blum, to comfort him, promised to consider some sort of honourable compensation. He appointed him Ambassador in Buenos Aires. . . .

A few days before the French collapse last June, M. Paul Reynaud was deliberately ill-advised by Paul Baudoin, who was already planning the Fascist *coup d'etat* with Pétain and Laval. And Peyrouton got back his old post in Tunis.

In September he was made Minister of the Interior for unoccupied France.

Desire for Vengeance

Laval, who knows all about the scene of self-abasement in Blum's office, relies not only on Peyrouton's brutality but also on his burning desire to take vengeance for his humiliation by the Jewish Socialist statesman.

Already this French Himmler has jailed Léon Blum and his colleagues—Marx-Dormoy, Jules Moch and Vincent-Auriol.

Nor will you find it hard to understand why, 150 years after the proclamation of equal rights for all men by the French Revolution, France has introduced racial laws of the Nuremberg type.

Marcel Peyrouton can again show himself a "strong man."

£3,950 More for Air Raid Victims

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES ILLINGWORTH were riding a tandem bicycle through South London during a recent morning "alert" when suddenly they heard the scream of a falling bomb.

They threw themselves on the ground as the bomb exploded only a few yards away.

Although Mrs. Illingworth escaped with minor injuries, her husband was struck in the back by bomb splinters and, despite every attention, died a few days later.

As Mr. Illingworth was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £100 paid under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance has been sent to his widow.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Under this great scheme JOHN BULL now announces the further payment, to the time of going to press, of no less than £3,950 in cash benefits to air raid victims or their dependants.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance.

You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered, a post-card posted to-day (revised postage 2d.), addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will bring the Registration Forms by return.

OPEN LETTERS

Badges and Buttons Only for A. R. P. Volunteers : Paymasters Can't Find Army Pay Packets : Come On Now, Mr. Bevin ! : Evacuation Muddle Still to be Sorted Out : Widow Heroine of Bombed Streets

Sir EDWARD GRIGG,

Under-Secretary for War

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—For the sake of impoverished women and exasperated men, ensure that Army pay is not delayed by muddle and meanness!

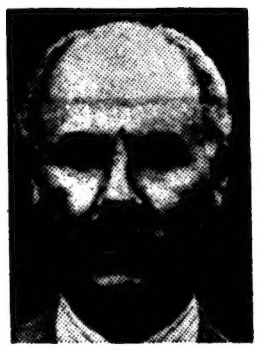
Soldiers' wives and children are left for weeks without a penny.

A Salford man enlisted on July 18. His wife received no allowance until October 9—because the man's claim had gone astray—and she had to borrow to live.

Even now she cannot obtain the ten weeks' arrears, and therefore cannot pay her debts.

Soldiers themselves are victims of blunder.

Records of one company are so jumbled that not an N.C.O. or private knows the state of his account.



Is it muddle or meanness, Sir Edward, that is driving soldiers and their families to poverty and despair ? Despite M.P.s' protests, Army pay blundering remains the worst scandal of the War.

Sergeants are fobbed off with 3s. 6d. a week.

Blown up at Dunkirk, a guardsman spent four months in hospital, and was then invalided out.

He was given 30s. and told that the rest of his pay and allowances —some £17—would be sent on.

Vain promise!

His letters to the regimental paymaster are ignored, he cannot get public relief, he has been forced to sell his furniture, most of his clothes, and default on his rent.

I say again that the Army pay muddle is the worst scandal of the war.

Whether the fault be paymasters' inefficiency or Treasury stinginess, you must remedy it before patience wears thin.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,

Hertfordshire

DEAR SIRS,—It's news to me that countryfolk are supposed to have steel heads.

Deciding that one warden to every hundred inhabitants is not enough, you appeal for more A.R.P. recruits from rural areas.

Although you are willing to provide badges and buttons, you say bluntly that no essential equipment will be available.

If you think that people will be fools enough to volunteer in these conditions, you're making fools of yourselves.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,

Bray R.D.C., Berkshire

GENTLEMEN,—How long do you think this war is going to last—a century?

Ratepayers asked you to provide allotments, way back in October, 1939. Three months ago you told them that the land had been bought. But they're still awaiting a chance to Dig for Victory.

A council of snails might have given them quicker service.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. STRATHDEE,

Surrey Street, Glasgow

DEAR MADAM,—I suspect that you'd soon run through a fortune—in the best possible way.

All day long, after a factory explosion, you made tea and sandwiches, opened tins of salmon from your little grocery shop, and even provided hot dinners for police and firemen, wardens and ambulance men.

I have already heard how you—a widow with two daughters to bring up—keep shop from 6 a.m. till 8 at night, and then go off for A.R.P. work. You've even found time to organise a concert for charity.

Be sure that your self-sacrifices, which represent all that is best in the British character, will help to bring us through the war and build a better peace.—JOHN BULL

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,

Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Why are some big combines trying to delay the Cost of Living Report, which, based on the budgets of thousands of housewives, shows that the present cost of living index is badly out of date?

Millions of people whose wages are regulated by the sliding scale are being robbed of a "rise."

This explains, no doubt, the attempts of some big concerns to stifle the report. Luckily, you're big enough to defy them.

Publish, and be damned to them!—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,

Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Please accept my thanks for goading a few officials into most unusual activity.

One of my readers applied for an old age pension last March and could not get a decision.

Another had been waiting more than four months. I daresay they would have been kept waiting till Christmas had I not asked you to intervene.

Indeed, a widow tells me that she claimed a pension last February and is still no better off.

Grateful though I am for your attention in such cases, I regret that the shocking slowness of your subordinates compels me to encroach on your time.—JOHN BULL

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD, M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—You'd end a lot of muddle by ending the stupid rule that each country district must be reserved for evacuees from a particular industrial area.

So some villages are overcrowded while others are half empty.

Many of my readers, eager to lavish care on children from the bombed areas, cannot get one. A woman who has an eight-roomed house was told to expect a batch of refugees in September, and gave up her job to look after them—but they still haven't arrived.

See that foster-parents receive prompt payment. I know a woman who has been six weeks without payment for two billeted children, and is consequently having to spend the rent money on their food.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor W. R. HYDE,

Maidstone ex-Mayor

DEAR SIR,—I admire the indignation that prompted your resignation from the Housing Committee. But your fellow-members should have resigned—not you.

I share your contempt for their meanness towards a blind woman and her sick daughter, who occupy a Council house, and who have let two furnished rooms to some bombed-out people.

The woman charges only 8s. a week for the rooms, use of bathroom and cooking apparatus. But her own rent has been increased by half-a-crown!

For a rich corporation to profit from a poor woman's efforts to improve her slender income, no epithet is too scathing.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

Too Much "No. 1"

YOU would think that when a nation is knit together more closely than at any other time in its chequered history those petty little acts of selfishness so common in peace-time would vanish.

You would be wrong.

In this country to-day there is still far too much "No. 1."

In various ways the selfish individual goes about his, or her, way, thinking mainly of how the burden of war may be eased.

Worst of all are the looters, the scroungers —those who would profit out of the distress and suffering of their fellows.

There are the petty thieves. A woman I know had her family's meat ration stolen from the shop counter while she was paying the bill at the cash desk.

There are the equally dishonest people who will try any means, however unscrupulous, to augment their rations—more meat for the table, more tea for the pot, more petrol for the car.

There are the selfish motorists who take out their cars in the black-out to make unnecessary journeys.

I would drive all private cars off the road during the black-out, except those that are vital to the business or duty of the owners.

I write as a motorist.

Except for one emergency call in the small hours, my car has not been out in the black-out since the beginning of the war.

* * *

This selfishness has all manner of variations.

A man I met the other day said that if he were called up he wanted to start in the Army at 5s. a day.

The Army's role in this struggle, his possible part in the Army, didn't count. But the five bob a day did.

Morning after morning I stand on a wind-swept corner waiting for a bus which more often than not is late.

Since the war began I have been offered one lift into the town a mile and a half away.

I estimate that in the last fourteen months at least 3,000 motor-cars have passed me on their way to the town.

One out of 3,000 possible lifts! It doesn't say much for the motorist; and I hate to assume that my experience is that of the majority of people.

The war has brought to light great and noble qualities in our people.

It has shown them capable of immense fortitude, of herculean endeavour. It has resulted in their gaining the admiration of the neutral world.

It is a shame that those who are doing their damnedest to give Hitler the licking which is due to him should be let down by the selfish minority.

* * *

There is no remedy for the situation except a change in the hearts of those who have yet to realise that the issues at stake are more vital than that extra bit of meat, that extra gallon of petrol.

We're pulling together well as a nation. We could pull better if all of us thought of our neighbours instead of ourselves; if we studied the comforts of those not so well off as we are and, above all, gave instead of took.

Britain is worth all you can give her. She is a hard taskmistress.

She promises nothing, except the right to live unfettered. She does not flatter, does not cajole.

She is all the more worth fighting for. In the sternness of the task ahead she cannot falter or stand still.

Always she must forge ahead, strengthening the forces that will help her to victory.

Every selfish act impedes that progress.

Every gallon of petrol, every ounce of tea, every bit of scrounging, every refusal to give a pedestrian a lift in a car, is a blow against that Britain which we are fighting to preserve.

That Job at Dunkirk

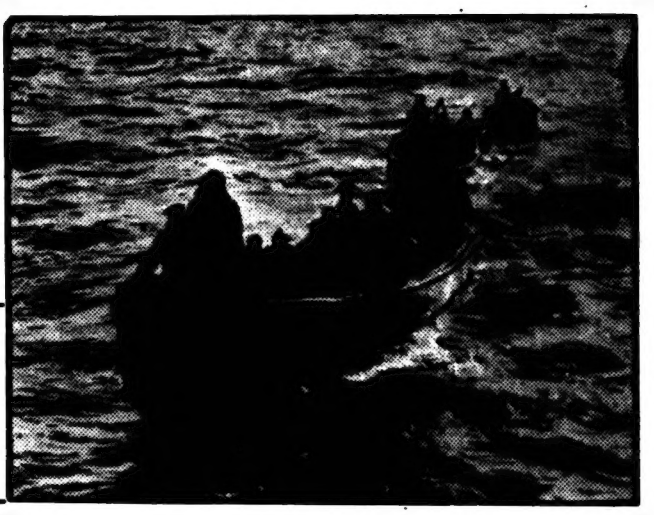
★ Commodore G. Purssey Phillips, a veteran skipper with 2,000,000 miles of salt-water sailing to his credit, continues his stories of Red Duster Heroes by showing why a special page or two will have to be devoted to that job at Dunkirk when the history of the war is written. It was the battle of the little ships

THERE never has been anything quite like Dunkirk, when 887 vessels, including spick-and-span warships, Geordie colliers, Kentish lifeboats, the *Brighton Queen*, Yarmouth sailing smacks, Thames paddleboats, a Sea Scouts' boat and Neptune alone knows what other sweepings of the seas and rivers, brought more than 335,000 men out of the mouth of hell.

One night towards the end of May, Admiral B. H. Ramsay received an urgent call from the Admiralty.

He was told to plan and carry out a "Dynamo Operation"—the fetching of hundreds of thousands of soldiers from Dunkirk, without any preparation, in face of the most terrific German attacks.

Into dockside taverns and lodging-houses raced merchant seamen with hot news.



Part of the Slopshop Armada, this naval launch, towing two cutters, is taking men off burning beach of Dunkirk

"Volunteers Wanted"

Across the wharves, into the skippers' cabins and the men's forecastles, into slopshops and gin-palaces and worse places than that, the whisper ran:

"Volunteers wanted to fetch the Tommies out of France. Volunteers wanted . . . volunteers wanted. . . ."

From a secret "dynamo room" at Dover, Admiral Ramsay and a staff of a score or so of organising specialists were sending that message all over the country.

The room had seven telephones, and the men working in it carried on without sleep or any meals other than munched chocolate, biscuits and tea, for four days and nights.

Towards the end, they sometimes fell off their chairs and slept uncontrollably for an hour.

Then those still awake banged them into consciousness, and they carried on. They all looked like somnambulists at the end; but they had evacuated just about twice as many men as experts said was the maximum possible.

From all the coasts of Britain (and most of her rivers, too) there collected along the Essex and Kentish and Sussex coasts, and in London River, such a jumble of floating shapes as might haunt a sailor's nightmare.

Seventeen lifeboats ranged from Yarmouth to Poole.

Ancient Mariners

In one of them the crew's age totalled more than six hundred years; grey and determined as badgers, those Old Men of the Sea brought off 600 soldiers in that one boat

The men who took these ships over met in our cross-Channel ports and in the Thames—motley crews of volunteers, including famous yachtsmen, colliers' stokers on leave, river firemen, naval ratings, wharf hands, river boatmen, longshoremen, and every other sort of volunteer.

There were some wharfside "rats" among them.

Furtive men with evil records. No decent sailormen would have shaken hands with them in normal times.

But no one asked any questions.

The need was too urgent.

Millionaire yachtsmen, "rats" and tramp steamer A.B.s on leave died shoulder to shoulder.

Many a crime was erased for ever in men's minds by what was done in those days and nights to achieve once again the Nelson Touch.

They were signed on as deck-hands and charge-hands and engineers, divided into crews, and put into one or other of the amazing craft that came swarming to ports opposite Dunkirk.

Here they are, dividing into fours to take charge of the ship's lifeboats, twelve of which are to be towed over behind a Thames tug.

Cargoes of Water

Bully beef and biscuits, and every space filled with jars and tins of water for the parched men "over there."

Then, at five o'clock on a red morning, off with a mob of others for Dunkirk.

The sea is choppy, with an occasional whitecap, and there's a smell of fog in the spume—fog that would be our friend for once, hiding us from the bombers and the shore guns.

Will it thicken?

Who can tell!

Something to eat and drink. Already there are boats coming back, trawlers; drifters; a destroyer, with her decks jammed with khaki, cutting through the water like a great lean plough; pleasure-steamers; paddle-boats; ferry-ships; the kind of motor-boat they take you for a shillingsworth in from the seaside resorts; barges; odd-job craft.

This is Hell's Corner—the point near Calais commanded by hastily mounted German heavy batteries ashore—where course has to be changed.

There are masts sticking up over there, and a smoking hull further on. Jerry is "on the target" just here. But one man, who has been over before, says, *"They put 'em down at exact intervals!"*

So it's half-speed for the engines, count the seconds, *flash!*—and then hell for leather past before the copy-book-minded German gunners put over the next salvo exactly on time, but just too late for us. . . .

There goes the *Grive* (the *Narcissus* as was), the pre-1914 racing yacht that turned out to sink U-boats last war and has come back again, like some slender, stately, fearless old countess, her beauty still a thing to take a sailor's breath.

She took off 2,000 men, and on her fourth trip she was sunk at Hell's Corner. She would not have chosen to finish her splendid story in any other way.

There goes the baby of our Slopshop Armada—a Sea Scouts' boat, that made five trips unscathed (perhaps it was too small to hit!), and then, when the pink-faced boys who ran it were asked what they thought of the adventure, one answered mildly, *"We scrounged a marvellous coil of new rope from the other side!"*

There, pounding doggedly back with another load, is the Geordie collier that later received one of the hardest thumpings any ship ever took—and lived to tell the tale.

She got hers at Hell's Corner.

One shell on deck killed three men and jammed the steering gear, the next in the Old Man's cabin, and the third in the engine-room, killing both engineers and messing up the machinery properly.

While she staggered off-course, more shells came smashing through her iron sides. But, in that shambles, her grimy crew, and the men they had rescued, rigged a jury steering gear, repaired the engines somehow, and got her under her own power back to Dover.

Private Odysseys

Every ship of the 887 has an Odyssey of its own.

There was the motor-boat run by a seventy-year-old fisherman and a fifteen-year-old boy.

Three days and nights, towards the end in weather that would never ordinarily have been faced by such a craft, it crossed and recrossed the narrow seas.

Then it was sunk by the swirling wash from a big ship racing past.

Man and boy died silent as bulldogs, after having saved scores of soldiers' lives.

Then there was the 1,000-ton coastal cargo-boat that was wallowing along with waves lipping her gunwales, when a German motor-torpedo boat ran alongside and ordered her to surrender.

The piles of corpse-like khaki sleepers on her decks awoke each other with kicks and blows, and they sent such a hail of rifle fire into the German that she drifted off into the night disabled, her decks awash with blood.

Still the boats came over—cutters and whalers and skiffs and yachts and barges and bum-boats.

How many were lost, I don't think anyone will ever know.

They Wouldn't Care

Many that sank under the Dunkirk haze vanished with their owners and crews, and because of the rush to gather them not even their names will ever be recorded.

They wouldn't care. . . .

There's Dunkirk—ablaze from end to end, with the dive-bombers sweeping down in formations of fifties and hundreds and sending tons upon tons of high explosive into the roaring flames.

The docks are on fire. The whole place is on fire The only place where a ship can get alongside is a single narrow breakwater of wooden piles on which narrow mess-tables have been nailed, in a place that was never intended in the wildest imagination for even a motor-boat to go alongside.

Along those tables, 250,000 soldiers walked the plank to safety—if it was safety with German guns filling the water almost solid with shells, and German bombers swooping down in scores every minute.

The Germans did their best.

They made Hell's Corner so bad that that route had to be abandoned. We had to take a new route with a round trip of 175 miles against 76 miles previously.

Then the enemy made the second route untenable, and they thought they had got us.

There was no other route.

But we made one.

Doing the Impossible

We found a route that had never before been used—a route that had to be buoyed up and swept before we could use it—a route that lay across sandbanks the German naval men swore could not be crossed.

Our Slopshop Armada crossed them; after the first two nights they would have sailed over dry land. . . . !

Trip after trip across the water was made till the thing became a nightmare without sleep.

Shallow water, narrow channels, strong tides, two days of fierce north-west wind that raised such a surf on the beaches that it was near suicide to go in close, and one day of dense fog.

It was a matter of nosing in, dodging the shells and bombs, slipping off seaboots in case of a swim and putting on the old tin hat, watching the spouts of explosions in the sea, casting an eye along the coast at the great, sullen fires burning everywhere, and the ruined cranes and derricks like huge skeletons against the smoke, and manœuvring round to the rendezvous in the dark.

One mistake in the handling of one ship might have blocked a vital channel and spoiled a great part of the whole evacuation.

But there were no mistakes in seamanship.

That was the Battle of the Little Ships, and they acquitted themselves well.

When the Red Ensign and the White Ensign take the seas together, show me the invader that can hope to face them!

Next week.—*"Run Down by a Surface Raider."*

NAZI PRISONERS SPEAK

2. THEODORE FELSTEAD, author of 'The Kaiser's Master Spy,' listens to captured Nazi pilots revealing how they have been duped by Nazi bosses, hears them regret their Luftwaffe murder tactics.

Told We're Savages!

FAR-REACHING changes are taking place in the long-sustained battle between the Royal Air Force and the *Luftwaffe*. The Nazi airmen now being shot down all tell the same story. Goering has abandoned the idea of battering us into submission with his bombers.

There has been a wholesale clearance of men and machines over in France and Belgium.

If captives are to be believed, a thousand *Luftwaffe* machines are now in Rumania and Hungary, waiting to attack Turkey.

Several hundred more are in the southern regions of France, lying at newly built aerodromes, ready for Hitler to say, "Go for Gibraltar."

London is to suffer nothing more serious than continual raids that can be carried out with the minimum loss.

Three-quarters of the best pilots are already away; those who are left have the job of teaching recruits all the tricks of the trade.

Italians among these new arrivals, boys for the most part, have yet to experience a bout with the R.A.F. and face real anti-aircraft fire.

There have come orders that stricter attention must be paid to real military objectives.

The bombing of Berlin is beginning to make the Nazi leaders wonder whether total warfare is worth the candle.

If the men who are shot down refuse to give any information beyond the barest personal particulars, their silence is respected.

If they care to talk—and many of them do—so much the better.

There is no Third Degree.

They are always warned about disclosing secrets to the enemy, and anything they divulge must always be suspect.

But many Nazi pilots are utterly disgusted with the appalling consequences of their work, once they have seen it in cold blood. When they are lying on a hospital bed receiving attention from nurses who seem to bear them no animosity they begin to wonder what the war is all about.

One of them, Rudolf B. by name, lay in a little cottage hospital fifty miles from London, a place where war had hitherto been nothing but an unknown terror.

But an R.A.F. aerodrome had recently been built in the neighbourhood, and an anti-aircraft battery had come along to protect it.

Early one morning the crew manning the guns were astounded to see a Dornier bomber swooping out of the clouds, coming towards them at a terrific pace.

Civilian labourers were still at work building quarters for the personnel.

The Dornier came roaring down upon them at 300 miles an hour, dropping a salvo of bombs.

Bang! Bang! Bang! cracked the gun as the Dornier came within fifty yards range.

It was fine shooting. One of the shells caught the Nazi full on the nose. The propeller flew away in a thousand pieces. The entire front of the machine vanished into space.

But by some miracle it flattened out.

A quarter of a mile away it pancaked down, and out of it, battered and bleeding and very much subdued, there slowly and painfully crawled the crew.

No fight in them now.

With uplifted hands they walked towards their captors, watching with apprehensive eyes not the soldiers, but a crowd of distracted women.

Those bombs had killed their husbands.

The young Nazi pilot, no more than twenty, spoke English.

With arms still raised, he exclaimed: *"Please, please, I am sorry. I did not mean to hit your aerodrome. It was that man there who made me do it."*

He indicated a big, surly-looking animal at his side.

An officer curtly told him to be quiet; nothing would happen to him.

He would be taken to hospital.

For a fortnight this boy lay in a sick bed, wondering how it was that we were troubling to nurse him back to health.

He had swallowed the fearsome stories current among the credulous young Nazis of gross ill-treatment.

HE knew that he had widowed a lot of women, and orphaned perhaps fifty children.

"Is there nothing I can do for them?" he kept on asking.

"Nothing at all," was the reply. "The damage is already done."

There was something he could do.

That was to make many valuable revelations of the increasingly low morale of the *Luftwaffe*.

How it was now necessary to obtain specially chosen volunteers to attack important specific targets, with an Iron Cross on the spot for the men who returned.

I asked the matron of a Sussex hospital who had had many of these Nazi killers through her hands how the staff regarded them.

Nurses were rather difficult in the beginning, she said.

"Many of them had lost fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. They have often refused outright to look after Germans, and you couldn't blame them.

"We have now succeeded in bringing them around to treating them as ordinary patients.

"The biggest surprise we ever got was with a great glowering fellow who wouldn't speak to anybody for days.

"But as he gradually began to get better he became grateful for all we did for him.

"'You know, matron,' he said one evening, 'I had never been out of Germany in my life before. The way our newspapers write about you, one would think you were a race of savages."

It terrified this man to think that our machines would bomb Berlin, and might kill his wife and children.

"Well," the matron said, "now you understand what this bombing amounts to."

The Nazi nodded.

"Never again," he remarked, "if I can possibly help it."

THERE are all sorts and conditions of the *Luftwaffe*—out-and-out liars and lead-swingers.

Young boasters, who think themselves hard-baked, tell each other fantastic stories, some of them true, no doubt, others merely highly coloured hearsay.

They firmly believe that they possess a wonderful spy system in this country.

They will tell you of secret agents in motor-cars driving around at night with powerful short-range transmitters, telephoning instructions to bombers.

There is probably a certain amount of truth in some of these yarns.

All these captured men pay us one outstanding tribute.

Our black-out is marvellous.

They laugh scornfully at the idea of finding a target from one of those isolated lights that so frequently arouse the ire of the spy-maniacs.

They have heard of that much-discussed light supposed to have been shown by the foreign-born manager of a cinema in London, a part that has been bombed.

It makes them laugh.

They say that you don't stop looking for lights when the A.A. shells are bursting all around you.

Doctors Defeat Killers

EVEN though war weapons have vastly increased in power since 1918, the science of healing has outstripped them.

Had we possessed the medical knowledge and services of to-day in the last war, deaths would have been only 40 per cent. of what they were, says the expert.

Air raid victims are the wounded of 1940.

Most common wounds are "compound fractures"—broken bones and punctured skin through which infecting bacteria enter.

Such infections were fought with constantly changed dressings and applications of antiseptics in the last war, yet thousands died of infections.

Changing dressings caused much pain; prevented wounds from essential "rest."

Wounds "Rested"

Now, thanks to a technique tried out by Spanish surgeons during the civil war, these are unnecessary.

Broken bones are set, wounds thoroughly cleaned. And then the wound and its surroundings are encased stiffly in plaster of paris—and left for weeks.

Although deadly bacteria multiply, the body's own powers of resistance heal the wound more rapidly and with far less pain than any succession of dressings.

Twenty thousand fractures were treated this way in Spain.

Deadly lockjaw germs, which breed in earth and enter the body with bomb splinters, have been defeated. Tetanus anti-toxin, concentrated into a small bulk, is immediately given.

Even curare, deadly South American "arrow poison," that paralyses muscles, is now being tried out for anti-tetanus treatment.

Rapid Healing

Modern treatment of burns has miraculous results.

Tannic acid ointments, made from tea, heal with astounding rapidity and without scar.

Cold tea, applied in emergency at home, has saved many lives, prevented disfigurement.

Terrible burns are now treated by bathing the body in a stream of warm saline solution. Pain is relieved and healing starts almost at once.

In the last war the shock of wounds killed more frequently than the actual wounds.

To-day hospitals have special anti-shock wards; warmed beds, oxygen and modern blood transfusion cure shock.

Serious operations also caused nervous shock, hindered convalescence.

To-day preliminary injections deaden the nerves, "insulate" the operation area.

Recovery is speeded, nervous collapse following operation avoided.

Casualties Saved

The use of "plasma"—dried blood for transfusion, which can be used when water is added and stored indefinitely—will save hundreds of air raid casualties.

Enough to treat 1,000 wounded can be carried in a suitcase. Vast quantities are being stored here; some of it is flown from the United States.

Modern plastic surgery prevents disfigurement.

New jawbones, noses, cheekbones, even thumbs, can be created out of bone taken from the ribs. New skin from chest or thigh replaces scarred facial skin.

Even severed nerves, causing facial paralysis, can be "mended" with nerve taken from elsewhere.

BULLYING OF THE BOMBED MUST BE STOPPED

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

"Invention" Optimists

ENQUIRIES constantly reach me about propositions in which investments are required to finance various so-called war inventions.

In some, the most extravagant claims are made, and people are told that there is more than a mere likelihood of big profits.

Before me lies the literature of one such offer in which a contraption to be of great use to the Government during later stages of the war is referred to in the most impressive way.

I understand that a company is to be formed to manufacture it, and in this shares will be offered to the public.

Readers should not part with money in any war-invention-scheme without exercising the utmost caution.

Remember, I am ready to give advice free of charge about any such offer.

"PEN-FRIENDSHIP" agency headed by Phyllis Bamattre, the National Union of Friends, which used to function in High Holborn, London, has now been "evacuated" to Silver Arcade, Leicester, where it carries on merrily.

Its literature would be comical if it did not hide potential mischief.

If her travelling expenses are paid, Miss Bamattre is even willing to meet clients to discuss their wishes on payment of expenses.

Her agency is fee-snatching and undesirable.

CROOKS carrying bundles of draining rods are making house-to-house calls, informing housewives that they have been told to examine the drains.

The "official fee" for the work is two guineas, and householders have been induced to pay in the belief that they are legally compelled to have the inspection made.

The police have received many complaints about this clever but particularly mean and despicable fraud.

SELECTED MORTGAGE AND FINANCE INVESTMENT COMPANY, of High Street, Kingsland, London, E.8, offers financial assistance to owners of private residences, hotels, cinemas and garages.

Its main object is to obtain fees in advance, and there are many reasons why I advise readers to leave its offers alone.

I STILL can't see why Whitehall is so pleased with the little progress that has been made in relieving the plight of those deprived of homes and businesses by Nazi bombers.

Granted, something has been done, and we are grateful. But much more has yet to be accomplished.

I even appreciate the common-sense that led to the creation of central offices to which the dispossessed could go for aid instead of having to tramp from office to office, looking for officials who could handle their petitions.

At last some effort is being made to co-ordinate the various Government departments concerned.

This is obvious from the decision of the Ministry of Home Security, the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Food and the Board of Education to explain to everybody why there is now no need for him to interview representatives of each of these departments in their widely separated offices.

A booklet is to tell us what to do when we are bombed out of our homes.

It will tell us about compensation; about letting our friends and relatives know what has happened, and the like.

From one central office in each locality we ought to be able to get help, compensation and advice.

It sounds most encouraging.

It might even put an end to the bullying, and the niggardly treatment of air-raid victims, of which I complained last week. It might show that officials are at last realising that the relief needed by the people they interview each day is now very urgent.

Terrible Ordeal

As I have already revealed, too many people have had to suffer a terrible ordeal that was unnecessary. To be bombed was bad enough; to be bullied, cross-examined and then sent to another office, miles away, for the process to be repeated was near to persecution.

Nerve-racked air-raid victims in the largest cities in Britain have been receiving scant treatment.

Let me tell you what happened at the headquarters of one Borough Assistance Board in London.

Bombed-out men and women begin lining up at 2.30 to see the relieving officer.

They wait throughout air raids and pouring rain, afraid to leave the queue for fear they lose their places.

Of the many hundreds waiting, three people only were admitted between 2.30 and 4.15.

Then the remainder were told that no more could be seen that day.

Most of these people are all but destitute through air raids.

And what are we to think of the inspector who, in another district, said:—

"What is all the fuss about? No one is being turned away. You must all come back to-morrow."

When men complained of losing a day's work in vain, he added: **"Well, send your wives along."**

Countless Grievances

Mr. Michael Best, Secretary of the Federation of Tenants' and Residents' Association, is inundated with the grievances of air-raid victims.

Hundreds of people bombed from their homes have not received a farthing compensation.

Mrs. Small, a fifty-five-year-old Londoner, had her car-hire business and her home bombed to smithereens.

All the Assistance Board has given her is a pair of shoes.

Bombed from her home . . . how long must she wait for relief?

A man and wife bombed from home on two occasions were given ten shillings to buy food and a few incidentals.

People have been insulted with offers of £1. One man was told: "The suit you are wearing is quite all right. Why did you want another?"

The postman who went to claim said: "I haven't any clothes."

"But what have you got on?" he was asked.

"These aren't mine; do you want me to come here in the nude?"

Instances of people being fobbed off with £3 compensation after losing furniture worth £200 are legion.

Don't Want Charity

Let us get this straight. These people are not asking for charity.

They are asking for something to which they are entitled.

And an official has no right to treat them as paupers or beggars.

Mr. Winston Churchill said:

"Everyone should be assured that compensation for loss of home or place of business will be paid to him in one form or another at the end of the war, if not sooner, and where necessity arises in the intervening period means of carrying on will not be withheld."

Where furniture or personal clothing is damaged or destroyed, Mr. Michael Best explains in his informative best-selling booklet "War Injury and War Damage," the owner is *entitled* to a cash advance on what he may get after the war.

The advance on account of furniture was a maximum of £50; for clothing £30 where more than one dependant had suffered.

No wonder Mr. Best's book is selling at the rate of 10,000 copies a week. Because what you get as a bomb victim from the assistance officer depends on the fight put up by you (or your local Tenants' League or trade union branch).

Mr. Best's book tells you what to ask for.

The scandal of "haggling" over small payments must be ended.

On a par with the treatment of claims for compensation for the loss of personal possessions is the scandal of niggardly relief for evacuees.

Mothers and children, bombed from their homes in London, are existing on the charity of kind-hearted miners' wives in South Wales because of the pittance doled out to them in public relief.

Many evacuees arrive penniless. Their only possessions are the clothes they stand up in.

Offered Her Ninepence!

One woman, evacuated to South Wales, told the relieving officer that she had eight shillings in her purse.

He offered her ninepence relief.

Another woman was offered threepence.

When I told them the authorities disputed this, said they never offer less than a shilling when people had money in their pockets.

People are not always well treated in their own bombed areas.

Classic is the remark of one high official. He said that if bomb victims were made too comfortable in the rest centres their local assistance board was bound to provide temporarily, "we shall get them for keeps."

Five shillings billeting allowance for an adult (and three shillings for a child under 14) is not enough when a husband is temporarily out of a job or nearly destitute through niggardly treatment by assistance officers and unable to help his dependants.

One expectant mother, evacuated from North Kensington, London, to a Gloucestershire village, was billeted for a fortnight with a private family, which received a five-shilling billeting allowance.

She had to buy her own food, pawning her wedding ring to do so.

Then her London home was destroyed by bombs.

Her husband, an auxiliary fireman, unwilling to impose on strangers for the partial upkeep of his wife and newborn baby, arranged to billet her with friends in the West Country.

Difficulties raised by the authorities about re-evacuating the wife were such that the husband finally pawned all his remaining possessions and borrowed to pay his wife's travelling expenses.

There's no need to go on giving such illustrations of official unfairness.

I have no doubt that when those responsible realise what is happening, they will introduce further legislation to aid the dispossessed and the needy.

Trouble is, they take so long, and I plead with them to realise the urgency of doing something now.

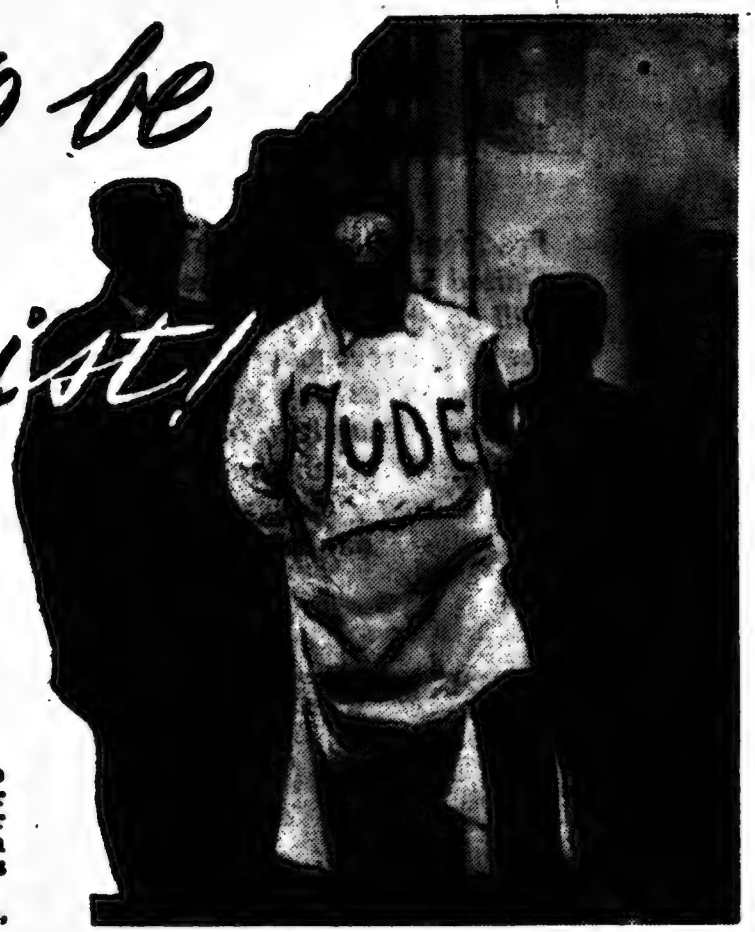
PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. C. BAILEY, of Birchwood Road, West Byfleet, Surrey, receives this week's guinea for sending me most useful information. I welcome letters from readers; and I will make enquiries into any complaint that warrants investigation. Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address them to me personally at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I want to be a Fifth Columnist!

SAYS WILLI FRISCHAUER

the Austrian Journalist whose anti-Nazi activities in Vienna led to his having to flee from the wrath of the Gestapo. Now in this country, he wants to go back to Germany as a British Fifth Columnist



Russia's anti-Nazi film "Professor Mamlock" illustrated the calmness with which Nazis persecute Jews, then benefit by their brilliant craftsmanship. Refugee Jews in this country now want revenge

WHEN a British bomber squadron roared into the rubicund autumn twilight the other evening, intent on putting yet another Nazi factory out of gear, the squadron leader carried with him the German proprietor's own blue-prints of the works.

An ardent anti-Nazi, now a refugee in Britain, the German industrialist had given the R.A.F. every assistance in planning the attack on his factory.

His last words to the Bomber Command Intelligence Officer to whom he gave the facts were:

"I hope you bomb the factory to hell!"

Even though he hasn't seen his factory since he fled to this country at the beginning of the war, he has kept in touch with his former workmen through roundabout neutral channels, and they had given him latest details of what was happening at his works under direct Nazi control.

* * *

When questioned by British Intelligence Officers at the camp where he was temporarily interned he volunteered to help in any attack on the works.

He was able to describe the methods by which the shops had been camouflaged; he could give details of the anti-aircraft guns concentrated in its railway siding; he drew plans of canals and railway lines leading to its gates.

Four days later he was told that when last seen by the homing bomber squadron his factory was burning like a Guy Fawkes bonfire.

The German was overjoyed.

"At last I have repaid them for what they have done to me and thousands of peaceful Germans like me," he said. "That factory represented my life's work, but I'd rather hear of it being destroyed than it should remain in the hands of those scoundrels. No factory of mine was going to help this war effort of Hitler's."

* * *

Yet this German industrialist is but one of many of my countrymen now in this country who would do anything, sacrifice anything to throw sand in the Nazi war machine.

They all want to be Fifth Columnists, working in Germany for Hitler's downfall, just as Hitler had Quislings in Norway preparing for his invasion; just as he had Fifth Columnists in the Netherlands, in France, and even in Britain.

When the Allied offensive takes British troops into Germany, we hope to be well to the front, preparing the way for the invaders. We hope to use Hitler's Fifth Column tactics against the men who invented them. And, if given the chance, we'll treat the Nazis to a paralysing dose of their own medicine.

We are already doing all we can.

We have already proved to the British Government that we can give incalculable assistance. More than one industrialist has helped in the attacks on factories.

Every day there is an increase in the number of Germans and Austrians serving in the British Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, eager to do all they can to prove their appreciation of the Allied fight for world freedom.

They are proud to wear British uniform; delighted to do anything to help in the work of removing the damage done by Nazi bombers; but they are even keener to strike direct at the Hitler régime.

* * *

And it is the Brains Trust, now created by these eager aliens, that will organise the world's most formidable Fifth Column—if given the chance.

Industrialists, travellers, business men, journalists, like myself, scientists, railway officials and former military men, their knowledge of the Fatherland is invaluable.

They know the exact location of factories; they know the network of roads and canals; they know the weak spots in rail and road communications. They know, too, how goods are shipped from one factory to another.

Young Germans, who have spent their summers bicycling and tramping across the Third Reich, have examined the countryside mile by mile; they know the woods that are likely to hold transport convoys; where guns will be hidden; where troops will be concentrated.

Valuable information was contributed by a young Austrian who told the British authorities how he had been ordered out of a certain district by military police.

His information led R.A.F. scouts to spot another militarised zone of great importance to the Nazis.

Without his help, that "forbidden zone" might have never been found.

* * *

Further help has been given by another refugee, former chief of a removal firm, who has worked for many years with German and Austrian and Italian railways.

He knows every wayside station; he knows the weak spots and the sidings; he knows all there is to know about marshalling yards and other salients in this mighty transport system.

And before leaving this country for the United States he poured all his knowledge into a dossier, which is now in the hands of British Intelligence Officers.

Austrian power stations may be hidden in the mountains of Tyrol and Salzburg, but they hide no secrets from the men who worked on their great dynamos only fourteen months ago, and are now among this great Brains Trust of the anti-Nazi Brigade.

Then there is a scientist—a Jewish refugee.

He is angry because the Nazis are now using his mathematical formulæ for their bombing attacks on this country. He is getting his revenge by inventing another more effective method, which he hopes will be used by British bombers.

* * *

German and Austrian lawyers know the ramifications of Hitler's financial structure; they are well aware of the connections still existing between Nazi and overseas firms, and the astute methods by which the Nazis obtain foreign credit.

From all these men the British authorities can derive a great mass of material that will be invaluable in the war effort.

They all want to be Fifth Columnists, carrying the war into Germany when the time comes.

They are thirsty for revenge.

HITLER IS A FORGER

AS Hitler attempts to conquer he even stoops to forgery.

This was proved only the other day, when three Nazi secret agents, arrested when a British warship intercepted a neutral ship, were found to be travelling with what appeared to be genuine papers.

They were three only of a vast army of such men stationed throughout the world by the Nazi Government.

And every one of these spies is most lavishly equipped by the Forgery Factory opened by the Nazi bosses in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Faking Passports

Nazi experts are hard at work within these closely guarded offices for twenty-four hours every day, faking passports and identification papers issued by every Government on earth.

It doesn't matter where the secret agent is going; it doesn't matter how short the notice. Given a few hours before he leaves for the States or Brazil, China or the Dutch East Indies, he will find that the hidden experts have created a new personality for him, with documents to prove all he says, in the time it takes to pack his bags

Even a set of English identification papers can be produced in the shortest possible time

So that this machinery will work with such swiftness, years of research, organisation and filing have been needed to compile the world's greatest library of passports, identification papers and identity cards

Even Convicts!

They have been minutely analysed, tested and classified and are now used as the models for the forgeries.

The forgery factory includes professional photographers, printers, engravers, chemists and even convicted forgers.

The photographers prepare highly enlarged photographs of the genuine documents to aid the printers in matching type faces.

Chemists determine the composition of the paper and the exact formula of the ink by analytical methods. They "measure" the tint of the ink with a special instrument called a tintometer.

Forgers spend hour after hour practising the form of signatures until they can dash them off as fluently as original writers.

Not so Shrewd

Yet Hitler's forgers are not so shrewd as Britain's espionage agents.

Although Hitler's men have been able to discover the exact composition of the inks and papers used in passports, they are unable to duplicate them perfectly because Germany lacks many of the minerals necessary for perfect forgery.

Water used in the manufacture of pulp has a decided influence on the quality of the paper.

Since Germany has no rivers with exactly the same mineral content as those from which we draw our own supplies for paper-making, she is unable to duplicate it exactly.

British experts have now worked out a highly secret process enabling them to detect any forged documents.

THIS BEGINS NEW

President Roosevelt's re-election means that the United States has crossed the rubicon, and there will be no return. It is in the war to-day up to the hilt, irrevocably and to the end. Its co-operation with Britain means not only the end of Europe's gangsters but also the beginning of a new world order that will resurrect the liberties of enslaved peoples, establish a reign of peace on this distracted earth.

By A. G. GARDINER

IT is the fate of tyrants to be destroyed by their own miscalculations. Napoleon explained his fall by the fact that wherever there was room to float a cork boat he found a British ship. He learned too late that the sea commands the lands and that Britain commanded the sea.

When the infinitely viler criminal who is aping Napoleon to-day is in his cell he will have a hatful of his own howlers to choose from as the chief cause of his destruction. Take a few samples.

He, too, gambled with a blind eye on British sea power. He believed that it could be put out of action by bombing from the air and torpedoing from under sea. That illusion has gone.

He thought that his mastery of the air was final and decisive. That illusion is going.

He knew that he had the traitors of France in his pocket from the beginning, and supposed that when they had betrayed their country the shock would bring the British Empire to its knees. Instead, it has brought the British Empire to its feet with a power and a unanimity that have astonished the world.

Empire Chain of Steel

He believed that the British Empire was a rope of sand that would fall asunder at the challenge of war.

He finds it a chain of steel whose links are tempered and hardened in the furnace of war.

He thought that South Africa would declare for him. General Smuts is his answer.

He thought that India would collapse into chaos. It is pouring its men, its material and its money into the common stock.

He thought that he could terrorise England from the air and invade us at leisure. He has failed to do the one and has not dared attempt the other.

He believed that Germany would be secure from air bombardment. Every night his arsenals, docks, factories, oil storages, transport centres are ablaze with the ominous truth.

BUT OF ALL THE MISCALCULATIONS WITH WHICH HITLER SET OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD, NONE HAS BEEN MORE COMPLETELY EXPLODED THAN THAT WHICH HE ENTERTAINED ABOUT THE ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

He was under no misapprehension about the immense importance of that factor. How could he be?

The United States is the most stupendous unit of power in the world. It has almost a monopoly of the gold of the world.

It has 40 per cent. of the industrial power of the world—more than all the industrial power of Britain, Germany, France and Italy put together.

It is by far the greatest producer of oil in the world. It possesses the second most powerful fleet in the world, and it is the foremost democracy of the world.

Another Miscalculation

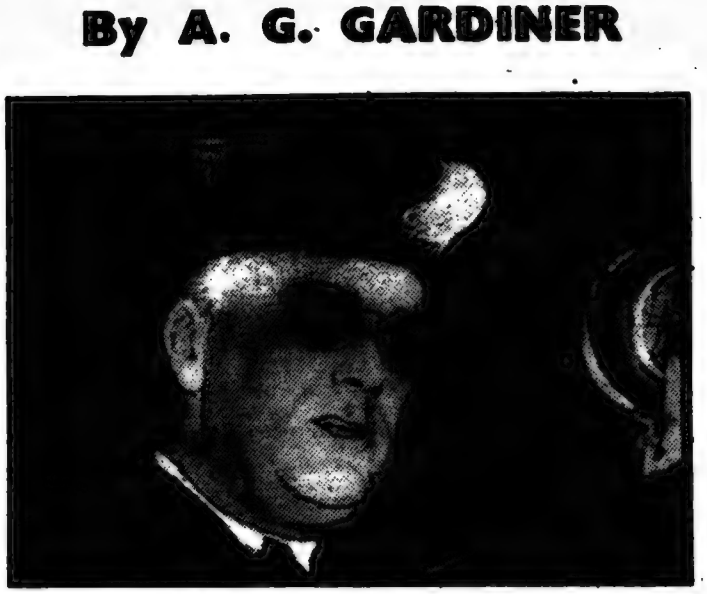
Hitler knew all this, but he calculated that he could keep the United States quiet and out of the ring until all was over.

If he carried Europe by storm in a single summer he would have won the world before America could wake up, and with the command of the Atlantic in his hands he could hold her at ransom.

He had grounds for his belief. The United States talked English, but it was a jumble of races. It was pacifist. It was isolationist. It had a vast German and Italian population.

It was permeated with Nazi organisations. It was totally unprepared for war.

And his trump card was to spring his mine in the midst of the Presidential election year when the whole country would be seething with internal conflicts which would make external action impossible.



His triumph at the Presidential election was more than a tribute to his greatness . . . it is a proof of the sanity and solidarity of democracy when faced with the issue of life or death

If Britain Had Lost

That was the plot. It was bold, cunning, the conception of a gambler of genius. It might have come off but for one thing.

Its success was dependent on the instant, unbroken success of the *blitzkrieg*. It was dependent on the defeat of Britain this summer.

If that had been accomplished, America's Atlantic front would have been exposed to Hitler and her Pacific front to Japan, while the American people were still squabbling over who should be President.

But the plot was too clever by half. Britain was not defeated. The *blitzkrieg* broke on the cliffs of Dover, and, in breaking, the menace alike to Britain and to America was averted, I believe never to return.

I believe this because I think the re-election of President Roosevelt, coupled with our own great victory in the Battle of Britain, marks the turn of the tide of the war and foreshadows the certain defeat of Hitler.

In saying this I do not question for a moment the sincerity of Mr. Willkie's hostility to the German and Italian brigands.

He hates them with the pa[ssion] decent, civilised human being [hates]

But his election, I am [satisfie] have been a disaster. It wo[uld ha] that America was still blind [to th] fate that is upon it, and still p[ut don] party issues before the treme[ndous] which that fate depends.

It would have lost pr[iceless] during which the new ma[n and] machine could get into action[. And] not months or even weeks to l[ose.]

This is why all the cunni[ng an] of Nazi propaganda was flun[g into] against Roosevelt.

Terrifies Nazi Bosses

This is why his re-election is a bl[ow th] enemy with apprehension and fear.

For it shows that America is at l[ast w] to its danger, and, third term or n[o thi] resolved, as in another grave crisis o[f its h] " to swap horses when crossing a stre[am "–] a raging torrent.

Mr. Roosevelt's re-election is mor[e tha] to his greatness. It is a proof of [the] solidarity of democracy when faced w[ith t] life or death.

It shows, too, that the whole natio[n is] step behind the great leader whose ow[n det] to fight Hitlerism to the death has [no] doubt.

AMERICA HAS CROSSED THE [RUBI] THERE WILL BE NO RETURN. [I] KNOW WHEN OR HOW IT WILL [BE] IN THE WAR, BUT IN EFFECT [IT] WAR TO-DAY UP TO THE HILT, [IRR] AND TO THE END.

That is the stern fact that confront[s] sters. That is the reassuring fact that [se] of confidence through the civilised world.

Clothed with a glamour and au[thor] President in the history of the Un[ited] rivalled, Mr. Roosevelt is now the mo[st c] figure in the world.

With four years of office before h[im,] an unequivocal mandate from the nat[ion,] of a majority in both Houses, his influ[enc] will be decisive.

How he will exercise that influenc[e w] know, for he is not the man to let [the] beneath his feet.

Assisted by Willkie

He has been long preparing for th[is] has laid his plans to use it swiftly and [sp]

Certain things already accomplished [show] *imaginative range of his strategy.*

First he aims at the maximum unity [of] He will not make the mistake that Pres[ident] made in the last war. "Then none was [to] then all were for the State" is his maxim

Already he has included represent[ati] licans in his Cabinet, and there is [some] hope that Mr. Willkie will act under [the] obliterate all party divisions "for the d[ura]

Next, his purpose, already partly [ac] unite the American nations from Lab[rad] Horn in one defensive scheme against [the]

Finally, his declared policy is to th[row] weight of the United States in the sca[le] of Britain.

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WORLD

The exchange of destroyers for naval bases has already begun. We may hope that it will be extended to Singapore and the Pacific, and to still more help in keeping the sea routes open to us and closed to the enemy.

From this co-operation between the two great English-speaking Commonwealths I see foreshadowed the inexorable doom of the gangsters.

And, beyond that, I see the opening of a New World Order that shall resurrect the liberties of the enslaved peoples and establish the reign of peace, justice and good will on this distracted earth for all time.

Yes, Hitler in his cell may well decide that his most fatal miscalculation was when he made the cause of Britain and the cause of America one, indivisible and indestructible.

Flow Will Soon Be a Flood

*** Week by week, unfailingly and without loss, tremendous quantities of war supplies are ferried across the Atlantic to Britain. There will be a tremendous increase in the rate of this flow following the re-election of President Roosevelt.**

** That is not a possibility. It is a certainty. And it is one of the hardest facts confronting Hitler.*

* Already American aid for Britain has been a vital factor. Twenty-six thousand warplanes have so far been ordered by the British trade mission in the U.S.A. It is hoped that a thousand aircraft a month will be delivered to us next year.

** "Mosquito boats," useful for anti-invasion operations, have also been given to us in unknown quantities.*

* In two months Britain bought from the United States 80,000 machine-guns, half a million Lee Enfield rifles, 700 field guns and vast supplies of ammunition.

*** Latest available figures show that in September our imports of war material made in Uncle Sam's factories amounted to £4,043,250. But such figures tell only half the story of Uncle Sam's jolt for Hitler.**

* American Red Cross aid is on a prodigious scale. More than four million dollars have already been subscribed for war relief in Britain.

** Among the gifts have been 151 ambulances, 23 portable X-ray outfits, and vast quantities of food, of which 6,573,000 pounds of flour is just one example.*

*** Substantial proportion of the fifty destroyers, granted to us by President Roosevelt's administration, have already arrived in British waters.**

** It is now certain that Flying Fortresses—Uncle Sam's wonder bombers—will soon be used by us to discharge their enormous bomb loads on Hitler's vital war factories.*

* Certain, too, that the American bomb sight will shortly be fitted to R.A.F. machines. With the aid of this device, that German spies have done their utmost to obtain, pilots claim to be able to "hit a pickle jar at three-mile range."

*** More than a possibility is the sale of still more destroyers to Britain. Sale of American submarines of the famous "S" class is under consideration.**

* And the rapidly growing development of American war industries will, by next Spring, be among Hitler's gravest difficulties.

Swaffer LIFTS the LID

HAS THE WAR KILLED THE BIG CROOKS?

● In the last war I used to see eager-looking men lunching or dining lavishly in big hotels while millions went hungry.

These men were the profiteers.

Some made millions.

Some went to the House of Lords. Others went to the House of Correction.

I do not see them to-day. It means that, generally speaking, profiteering has been checked.

Anyway, it means that, even where there is profiteering, taxation is so high that the nation will get most of it back.

Yet, well planned as were some of the Government schemes to stop profiteering a few artful brains are still working.

Some greedy people are still one step in advance of Government policy. Not every move can be foreseen.

There was the Onion Ramp. That is still a mystery.

A few people have made a lot of money out of fish, but that was because it was not controlled.

Yet things are not as they were in the last war.

IS THERE STILL MUCH GOVERNMENT WASTE?

● Waste still goes on in every department of Government activity. Spenders have every chance at a time when everything is wanted, everyone is busy, and there are no eyes to watch them.

Departments which in peace time would haggle over £100 for education or betterment now spend £100,000,000 without turning a hair.

But the chief waste is waste of time. Old-fashioned methods of the Civil Service still go on—indents, reports, reports back.

Each one means delay.

And every day's delay in the eventual winning of the war means another £12,500,000 down the drain.

Meantime, they rob an A.R.P. worker of one-third of his wages immediately he has been injured in saving life in the bombed streets.

Soon after he has to go on Public Assistance!

WILL BOMBING WEAKEN THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR HOUSES?

● The seismograph, which registers even minor earthquakes on the other side of the world, takes no notice of a 500 lb. bomb, unless it drops very near.

The reason is that the shock you feel from a bomb is 99 per cent. air concussion. There is little ground disturbance.

Yes, you heard all your pots rattle. The walls of your shelter probably did quake.

But it was the rush of air, working upwards in a "cone of dispersion" from the point of burst.

All the bombs that drop in this war will probably do no more harm to your foundations than the Messina earthquake. Here's hoping that your walls fare as well!

WITH WHAT DEGREE OF ACCURACY CAN AN AIRMAN BOMB?

● The American bomb-sight is said to enable a pilot to hit a barrel from 20,000 ft. But no sight in the world will give an airman the visibility needed to see a barrel from 20,000 ft.

I have seen maps from German airmen at the Ministry of Information. They have wide margins, in which are noted down facts about their targets.

Captured airmen admit that it is impossible for them to aim with any degree of accuracy.

Their best maps are only two miles to the inch. Many motorists use better maps to take them to Brighton.

Rings round their targets are something like three miles across. They expect to be anything up to a mile and a half out in their aim!

ARE WAR INVENTIONS TREATED FAIRLY?

● In peace time it would seem every member of the public wants to go on the stage, croon "on the air," or manage a newspaper.

In war time almost every one fancies himself an inventor.

I still receive twelve letters a week containing plans for an improved balloon barrage. Then, when nothing is done with them, the "inventors" get angry. But inventing is a job for experts, for the ordinary man can only think of the beginning of it.

In war time teams of men work out new plans. Rarely is anything vital discovered by the man-in-the-street.

The Ministry of Supply has an Inventions Department, which is still examining 600 ideas sent in from outside every month.

"Costly as that is," says the Ministry, "it is worth while."

The vast percentage are either no good at all or impractical.

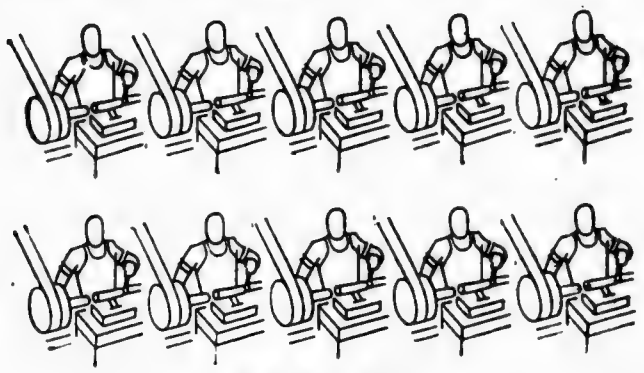
Some of them would work, but they would take too long to put in production. Others are fantastic

A small proportion, however, are good. Most of these come from working men.

The Ministry of Supply encourages employees in its factories to suggest improved methods of working.

MOST

of Marconiphone's resources
are fashioning instruments of war



MANY

are making instruments for export

SOME

are still turning out new sets for you

So your local Marconi-Man hasn't quite so many new models to show you.

* * *

Here is one Marconiphone ideally suited to present-day conditions. It has push-button tuning and a battery economiser device which practically doubles H.T. battery life.

Marconiphone 895
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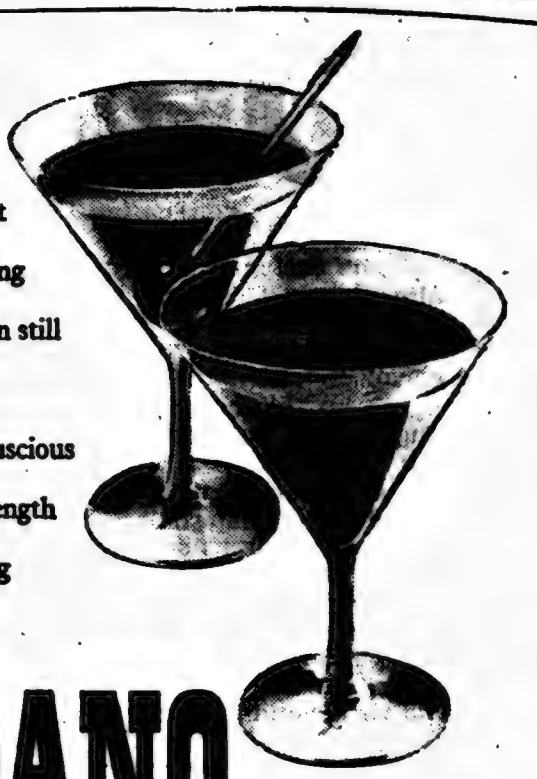

No need to worry about cocktail ingredients becoming unobtainable. Maldano can still supply you with a perfect cocktail *ready-mixed*. 14 luscious varieties, all of pre-war strength and quality. 14 stimulating glasses in every bottle.

MALDANO *ready-mixed* COCKTAILS 6/6 per bottle

MALDANO CREAMY EGG FLIP is the finest tonic for war strain. 7/6 a bottle—stocked by all good wine merchants.

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Start "re-fuelling" your system with Vitaip Brand Tablets to-day. Note the definite results. Gradually you build up—become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You tingle with new-found health, strength and energy.

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NAME .....
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Everything's Altered

JOHN BULL'S TEN MINUTE STORY by WILL SCOTT

THE Quiet Old Stick didn't seem to know where he was.

He looked a bit like something in a play, with the last red of the sunset at his back and his silvery locks blowing about. There was an armless signpost behind him, too. Act One, Scene One. A blasted heath. Enter an aged gentleman . . . .

But what he couldn't get over was the fact that he was miles and miles from Taunton, and not even on the *road* to Taunton. This left him high and dry. And floundering.

"It is many years since I was in this part of the world," he told me. "Many years. Thirty. . . . And it is so easy to lose the way. No signs of the signposts. No milestones. And 'buses seem to run when they feel like it, upon my soul they do! They told me it would be three hours before the next one left. That is why I began to walk; just to keep warm. And I seem, somehow, to have got on the wrong road."

Well, he would not see Taunton that night, and I told him so. It saved *his* time.

"You won't get a train," I said. 'and the last 'bus has gone. I'd take you myself, and gladly, but I simply cannot get the petrol."

"No, no, you are too kind," said the Quiet Old Stick. "So long as I could get away from *here*." He rubbed his hands and looked round. "Surely," he said. "there used to be three elm trees in a row here?"

"I couldn't say," said I.

"It's hard to tell in the falling light," he murmured, shaking his head. "And thirty years is a long time. I suppose everything is altered."

"Thirty years *is* a long time," I agreed.

"I never hoped," he said, "to see this part of the world again. But an old friend in Taunton, lonely like I am, has offered me a home in my old days. . . . And now I'm *here*! Fourteen hours getting down from London to Minster Regis. And then they couldn't go on, for some reason. This terrible war has upset everything. My friend, I suppose, has given me up."

"I can give you a lift back to Minster Regis," I said.

HE looked doubtfully along the way my car was headed.

"*That* way? But. . . ."

"In a little while," I said. "First I have to go down Moon Vale. I shall be, perhaps, half an hour."

"Moon Vale?" he echoed.

"A cottage called Little Hayne."

Again he shook his head.

"But I know Moon Vale," he said. "Or knew it. . . . All that time ago. I *thought* this was where the three elms ought to be."

"Or," said I, "there's a hotel at Merton Junction, just beyond the Vale. Very good and very cheap it is, too, I believe; and you could get a train almost from the front door in the morning."

"Merton Junction? *Hotel*?" he said. And then his face cleared. "Oh, *yes*. They were just beginning to build it, I remember. Dear, oh dear, I suppose everything's altered."

I opened the door and the Quiet Old Stick got in and we went on our way, turning left at the lane where the gipsies were, and right again, and down through the trees into the deep and lonely little valley. And the nearer we came to the bottom the more interested in his surroundings he became and the more inattentive to me.

Still, I had to explain myself to him, so that we'd know where we were. Estate agent; Minster Regis; established 1935. And, because of the war, rushed off my feet. Up and doing *now*, at *this* hour, with all these people flocking from London and the east.

The sun was down by this time, but the moon was at the full, turning Moon Vale into the ghost of a valley.

"I swear," I said, "that I scarcely get a chance to sleep. I have Little Hayne let from to-morrow for the duration, and I ought to have been out this afternoon to see that everything was all right for the new people to come in. Instead of which it's *this* time of night. Still, everything *will* be all right."

Over a bridge and past two cottages. The Quiet Old Stick seemed quite excited. Then a gentle turn left, up a rise, and there, behind its two palm-trees, stood Little Hayne, cream and green and ghostly in the moonlight.

"I shan't be more than a few moments," I told him, climbing out of the car. But when I reached the front door, key in hand, he was by my side.

"The bay tree!" he exclaimed. "It's still there The orchard . . . everything. Listen! And the brook!"

"You know it?" I asked.

"What name did you say?"

"Little Hayne."

"Woodbine Cottage, that's its name. Was. Thirty years ago."

"New people give them new names; that's always the way," said I. "It's been Little Hayne in the five years I've handled it"

"Thirty years," said the Quiet Old Stick, "is a long time."

I entered the long parlour, but he remained for a moment on the porch, looking down the shadowy garden to the orchard beyond. Then he came in.

"Black-out not up," said I. "Still, I can see all I want by the moon."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Quiet Old Stick.

He was like a man in a dream, quite motionless for the moment; a fine picture with the background of the garden behind him through the open door and the moonlight shining on his silver hair.

"Yes," he said at last; "everything's altered. Everything. *Two* fireplaces, one at each end Well, it's a big room; it can do with them; it could have done with them then."

He stared at a blank piece of wall with a box ottoman at its foot.

"That," he said, "is where the settle was. Oh! a beautiful settle. Hand-carved every inch of it, hundreds of years before, and worth every penny of forty pounds *then*. I wonder what became of it. . . ."

He moved again. "And there is where she used to play the piano. The old piano. . . . Nobody could ever play as she played." I felt very embarrassed

He moved to a corner of the room and touched a bookcase, new and cheap and shining.

"And here was the corner cupboard, with the *glass*. To-day it would fetch—what? Green glass. And the years and years and years that had gone to its polishing."

He moved again.

"AND there . . . is where she used to play the piano. The old piano. . . . Broken up? I wonder. Yes, there she used to play, when the curtains were drawn and only the firelight flickered on the walls. 1909. Thirty-*one* years ago. I was forty-two. . . . Nobody could ever play as she played."

I felt very embarrassed, and perhaps I was embarrassing.

I was in the way, and knew it.

"Excuse me," I said. "I shall have to get on." And I went through into the kitchen to see that all was well there, and then upstairs to see that all was well *there*.

All was. I need not have made the journey, but you have to be sure.

I sat down beside one of the upper windows, to leave him to himself and his thoughts for a little while.

It was an odd thing, I reflected, but we scarcely ever go back, any of us, to the homes that we used to know. I, certainly, never had.

I went over them in my mind, sitting there at that upper moon-filled window of the cottage in its little ghostly valley; homes I had had far away, in London and other towns—one in a village—before ever I had set eyes on this West Country of theirs. Homes that had been my background for months and years; homes on which I had left my stamp as they had left their stamp on me; homes I had filled with memories I had never since tried to awaken.

The keys had been turned in their locks, one by one, and, by me, remained for ever unturned. I had never gone back.

Who *could*? I thought.

To find new ideas where only ours have been. To hear new stories where only ours have been told.

And more commonplace things, to jar us at every step. A red sofa where ours had been green.

White walls where ours had been brown.

The lock on the kitchen door working so easily, where ours—so often had we said we would repair it, but never did—squeaked and groaned and resisted at the very touch. Six chairs where four had done for us.

To find the old places *getting on very well without us*. Everything altered, but jogging along. Yes, better imagine anything than *know* that.

Most of us, I think, for some such reasons as these, when we leave the old home behind us leave it for ever. There . . is where she used to play the piano. . . ." And now the piano is gone. And where is she?

Lock it away behind you when you lock the door. That is all there is to be done Never go back

QUEER thoughts for a dealer in Desirable Properties! I gave a last look round the upper floor and quietly went downstairs.

The Quiet Old Stick was back at the door again, looking once more across the shadowy garden to the orchard beyond.

"*In the Shadows*," he said softly.

"I beg your pardon?" said I.

"*In the Shadows* 1909 Thirty-one years ago She used to play *that*."

He looked back, and slowly from one end of the long parlour to the other.

"Everything's altered," he said. "I'm ready, sir, if you are."

I locked the door of Little Hayne, with the Quiet Old Stick beside me, looking on Then we got back in the car, and turned to Merton Junction.

"It must be," said I, "with very mixed feelings that one crosses the threshold of the old home after thirty-one years. It is, as you say, a very long time."

"Home?" said the Quiet Old Stick.

"I thought——"

"Oh, no," he said. "*Oh*, no. I was only there for two days. Then they got their affairs *quite* in order."

"You mean——?"

"I was only the man in possession," said the Quiet Old Stick.

DOCK-MASTER Prisoner in his room for FIVE YEARS

Helpless Victim of Nerves

MAGNIFICENT RECOVERY DUE TO HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE TO TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

Mr. Brizland was, during the Great War, on the important duty of Graving-Dock Master at a famous docks. He worked night and day — until he broke down. His subsequent experience is in this letter :

Eccles, Lancashire.
9th July, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I had a nervous breakdown and was so ill they could not say if I would get out of bed again. They told my wife I was done for. However, I did get up again, but was so weak and nervous I was afraid of the least sound. I dare not leave the room for almost five years. I tried everything. *I did not know what to do and when my doctor came in one morning I said to him " Is there nothing you can suggest to relieve this terrible feeling ! " He said " Have you never tried Dr. Cassell: Tablets ! " I said " No ! " Then he said " Well, give them a trial ! " I at once sent for a 3/- bottle.* After one or two doses I had never known the pleasure of such restful sleep for the last five years, so I continued with them. I began to get about in such good form that people who had seen me so bad wondered. I told them the true story of your Dr. Cassells Tablets. I am 66 years of age now and feel better and stronger than I was 20 years ago

Yours faithfully,
(*signed*) James Brizland.

Dr. Cassells Tablets build up NERVES, BRAIN and BODY!

If you are weak—ailing—sleeping badly—unable to work, TEST THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS.

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FRY'S COCOA IS MAKING NEW FRIENDS

and Mick meets an old friend on a mountain

Fry's Cocoa is making a lot of new friends this war time, and meeting old friends, too. And it's a safe bet that they'll all stick to Fry's long after the war's won.

Take this case. Young Mick joined the Home Guard up in the North Country. He had to do a spell of duty two nights a week on top of a pretty high, bleak mountain. The other man up there had a flask of piping hot Fry's Cocoa. It kept them warm as toast through the long, cold night.

'Mean to say you don't have Fry's at home?' asked the other guard.

'Used to, when I was a kid. And I'll see we get it now. It's just the drink a man needs in war-time.'

FACTS ABOUT FRY'S COCOA

- Fry's Cocoa is a real food, packed with nourishment and energy.
- Fry's Cocoa is an ideal food for growing children.
- Fry's Cocoa is rich in nerve-strengthening substances.
- Fry's Cocoa contains vitamin D — the natural sunshine vitamin of the cocoa bean.
- Fry's Cocoa is economical in use and makes every meal go further.
- Fry's Cocoa, because it is so easily digested, makes an ideal bedtime drink.

In times like these old friends are best

FRY'S COCOA

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Closeness brings enchantment

It's astounding how much younger and more glamorous your skin looks when you use Snowfire Powder. That's because the skin-matched shades are *warmer* shades that accent natural radiance; because the silky, fine texture brings out enchanting clearness and banishes that ageing, over-powdered look. And Snowfire Powder contains a secret ingredient that really does overcome 'shine' — the divinely 'matt' bloom it gives lasts for hours. There are five flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Golden Peach, Rachelle, and Deep Rachelle JB

Walk on Iodine & End COLD FEET

—forerunner of Chilblains, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism

Thousands of people going about with Cold Feet to-day will be in bed to-morrow. That's the danger. When feet are numb vitality is low, and your health frontier wide open to attack. That's when germs strike—coughs, colds, 'flu and worse. Think of your comfort and take care of yourself.

You can have toasty warm feet always. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes and know what foot-joy really is—in 3 minutes! Your shoes fill with Iodine vapour; your pores absorb it; your circulation is whipped up; your instep is a-tingle, with a lovely dry warmth—not a "sweaty" heat. Comfort in action, protection at rest. Send a pair to your fighting boy. He needs them.

Be sure to get genuine Simpson Brand Socks. Price 1/3 from chemists who still have untaxed stock. If difficulty, post free for 1/9 (inc. Purchase Tax) from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. X.61), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard. JB

A Long Face Doesn't Make a Christian

★

HUMANIST *rebukes those "Christians" who think that psalm-singing and long faces are the essence of their religion, pleads with them to follow the bidding of the Scriptures*

★

IN one of his novels Dickens describes a woman who spent her life frowning at other people's wickedness.

One of my readers has such a woman for a mother.

"Ours might be a happy family," she says. "My husband and three children (all in their 'teens) live in harmony.

"But my mother is a long-faced Christian who is never happy unless she is miserable. She goes to church twice every Sunday, and to various meetings during the week.

"She thinks it is a sin to listen to jazz on the radio, and that the whole world is thoroughly wicked. The result is that our children are getting a wrong conception of religion.

"My husband and I are not ardent church-goers, but we live good Christian lives, try to love each other and help our neighbours. But this does not satisfy mother.

"We ought to compel our children to go to church whether they like going or not.

"We have such heated arguments about it, and I am criticised because I object to being gloomy.

"Am I really as wicked as my mother thinks in bringing up my children to be bright and cheerful? Or is there wisdom in old age that I do not possess?"

These gloomy-visaged people do far more harm to the churches than all the free-thinkers in the world.

A Christian ought to be happier than others.

Not merely happier, but more exultant.

There is the greatest authority for quoting: "Rejoice and be exceeding glad."

An ardent church-goer naturally wants to convert others, but I doubt the value of compulsory attendance. Children, forced to attend against their wills, so often break away altogether as soon as they leave the parental roof.

It may look all right to see a church crowded to the doors, but if half the members are there under compulsion I don't think much good is done.

The right sort of preacher attracts the people to-day as much as ever. They go because they enjoy hearing his message; but the successful preacher is not one who believes in long-faced Christianity.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says the Proverb, and the same is true of the great preacher. He is a topic: never a source of depression.

* * *

I must express my thanks to the scores of readers who wrote to me about stammering.

There were so many letters that I took them home to read during the quieter intervals of an all-night raid.

Nearly all the letters came from people who had suffered from speech impediments; many offered advice about a cure.

Advice included such remedies as whistling, singing, reciting poetry, relaxing, deep breathing, pitching the voice a few tones higher, starting every sentence with a vowel, joining elocution classes and using a dictaphone.

One man acquired confidence by carrying a piece of chewing-gum in his pocket.

All agree that the trouble is mental or emotional; hence the need to keep calm, to speak with leisurely slowness, to refuse to let the thoughts rush out.

One of the longest letters came from a stammerer who had cured himself so completely that he can now address a public meeting.

"The chief cause of stammering," he writes, "is strong emotion—the impulse to speak quickly and urgently. This urge creates a sudden overload on the voice muscles.

"It is, therefore, vital to speak slowly, fully emphasising every word, completely sounding all beginnings and endings of words.

"Regular exercises in rhythmical breathing should be taken every day. When alone you should practise reading aloud slowly and distinctly

"One can foretell that embarrassing moment when the stammer is about to come, the sudden disconcerting 'air lock' caused by emotional demands on the voice muscles.

"This energy can be expelled, thus removing the cause of the stammer.

"All that is required is a muscular movement of the arms or legs, or increased bodily tension calling for extra nerve strain away from the throat.

"A quiet, unobtrusive and effective method is to clench the fist in one's pocket, or grip some solid object.

"I hope that my fellow-sufferers will find something helpful in this suggestion, and that they will be inspired to make the effort to free themselves from this awful thing that robs them of so much happiness and peace of mind."

That point about making a muscular effort with the arms or legs has been tried successfully by several readers. One recommends slapping the leg whenever an awkward moment is threatening.

* * *

There is room for one other problem from a young man on active service.

"Not long ago I had the offer of a packet of free cigarettes dangled in front of me," he says. "When a friend mentioned that a girl at his former place of business wanted to send some 'fags' to a lad in the R.A.F., I jumped at the chance.

"We entered on a perfectly platonic correspondence.

"Everything went well until I accidentally dropped a note of the other girl's address on the floor in my fiancée's home when I was on leave.

"Imagine my astonishment when she wrote demanding to know more about this other woman!

"I realise now that her anger was justified. I had not mentioned the other girl's existence, and was left with the job of explaining.

"I assumed an attitude of being hurt. Do you think I was wrong? Anyway, the result has been the breaking of the engagement."

The man's fiancée behaved rather high-handedly.

She was naturally suspicious that her man was "carrying on" and had a right to ask for an explanation. If the man had told her the plain facts the trouble would have been prevented.

His attitude enraged her. His action was rather tactless and undiplomatic to say the least, and things looked worse because he had not mentioned the episode.

All the same, breaking off the engagement was too drastic. The girl ought to have known the man better.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

MR. T. HELLAWELL, of Halifax, is still paying for his participation in the last war. He served with the Army throughout hostilities, and was so battered by his terrible experiences that he has never fully recovered.

He now has difficulty in finding light work, and after being unemployed for some time has no money with which to buy warm clothing and other essentials for the winter.

He has no pension. And he is greatly troubled because his aged father is lying dangerously ill in hospital.

There seems to be every reason why this man should be helped.

Please send donations, earmarked "Light Work," to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny is devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course).

SIGNS

THERE are signs that the clouds are lifting, there are signs that the worst has been spent, there are signs that the darkest shadows are folding their dim-pitched tent. There are signs that the Dawn is breaking, there are signs that Life's coming right, there are signs that the World is wheeling into Faith's Arc of Light.

THERE are signs that the strain is passing, there are signs that new moves are astir, there are signs that rewards are coming, their outlines are a-shine through War's Blur There are signs that Force has its restrictions and that Sin consumes its own strength, there are signs that the Spinners of Shadows get caught in their increasing length.

THERE are signs that stunned Peoples are rising, there are signs that Free Thought still prevails, there are signs that the Ships of Salvation have the Blue Winds of Heaven in their sails. There are signs that the Triumphs of Hatred turn to husks on the Highways of Time, that the Lamps of Man's Liberation are being trimmed in every clime.

THERE are signs that new structures are rising such as man never fashioned before, there are signs that the Great Peace Architects will displace the Designers of War. There are signs that the suffering and sadness which we're all passing through will subside, there are signs of the Crown above Life's Cross and of A GLORIOUS FUTURE UNTRIED.

J. M.

In 15 minutes you'll feel much better!

10 Drops of Phosferine will start the famous tonic action

The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size nearly [illegible] the 1/5 size. You save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

You've earned your leisure...
PARK DRIVE
for pleasure!
PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)
IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

"Fear no more the furious Winter's rages"

If the winter damaged your property last year, that's no reason why you should let it worry you this year. Frost, storms, gales and floods pass by the buildings where Stormax is used. Stormax, the guaranteed waterproof bitumen felt is just what you want for Tool Sheds, Poultry Houses, Potting Sheds, Garages, Barns, etc.

7/3 and 8/3 per 12 yd. Roll. Nails provided.

STORMAX

ROOF • FELT • WITH • NAILS

Guaranteed waterproof. Lasts for years. Special nails supplied free. Easy to lay.

To ENGERT & ROLFE LTD., DEPT. N, POPLAR, E.14.

Please send me free sample and full particulars of "Stormax" and details of nearest stockists.

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GROOMS WITHOUT GUMMING!

NO GUM • NO SOAP
NO SPIRIT • NO STARCH

In handy Jars, Bottles and Tubes

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N. W. 10

royds 760.O.

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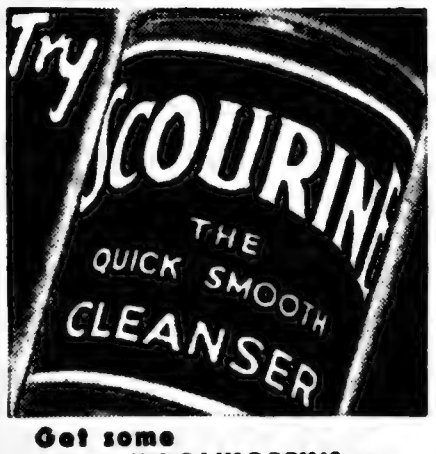

Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

SAVE

REMEMBER—CHEAPER LAMPS COST MORE TO USE

BY USING MAZDA COILED-COIL LAMPS

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

Even now, when he does much to help the younger generation to use its fists in the right way, Joe Bowker is a trim veteran, quick to smile and still a master of his art

"Cherub" with a Wallop

A. W. HELLIWELL *finds room among the Giants of the Ring for a stocky little Englishman whose whimsical smile and cherubic features belied a superb ringcraft that baffled many a tough tear-away scrapper*

UNAWED by the austere atmosphere of the National Sporting Club, "Frisco" Frankie Neil, bantam-weight king of the world, executed a fancy double-shuffle as he rubbed his feet in the resin and swung fancy punches in all directions to loosen his rippling shoulder muscles.

"Frisco" Frankie was feeling pretty good.

The broad grin with which he surveyed the packed ringside advertised his good humour and bubbling self-confidence.

He had travelled several thousand miles to defend his title against a Lancashire lad named Bowker, and he was so utterly sure of himself and so little concerned about the outcome of the fight that he had already ordered a grand champagne victory banquet at a famous West End hotel.

Framing a Welcome

The possibility of defeat had not for one moment occurred to him, and as he sat on his corner stool waiting for the gong his mind was busily engaged in framing the words with which he would greet the gathering of international sportsmen who were to be his guests.

Half a dozen rounds or so—and it would be all over.

The Englishman would be sadly regretting his temerity as he recovered his dazed senses, and he, "Frisco" Frankie, the Kayo King, would be changing into white tie and tails in preparation for the celebration.

That was how Neil saw it, and there was good reason for his optimism.

The boy from San Francisco was pure dynamite. He was a pocket Hercules who, once his fists were laced into a pair of boxing gloves, developed a "killer" instinct that made him about as welcome a companion in the ring as a mad bull.

"Frisco" Frankie had blasted his way to the title in thirty fights.

Of these he had won twenty-two with early knock-outs—mostly in the first round—and he was generally considered to be one of the most formidable bantam-weight battlers the ring had ever seen.

His challenger was a stocky little Englishman—a miniature edition of Micky Walker, the "Toy Bulldog"—whose cherubic features and whimsical smile distracted attention from the menace of his extraordinarily wide shoulders and determined chin.

At first glance you would have set down Joe Bowker as a good-tempered youngster whom you could confidently push around without any fear of dangerous assault.

He hadn't the looks of a fighter, and "Frisco" Frankie, studying his record and finding only two lonely knock-out wins there, decided that a trip to England and back with all expenses paid was a profitable venture.

He had not been in London more than a few hours before he was loudly advertising what he would do to Joe, and after a few discreet enquiries at the Lancashire lad's training quarters Neil's trumpetings grew even louder.

Winner Take All

Finally he dared Bowker to fight him on a "winner take all" basis. This was outside the terms of the original contract and for a time Bowker's hard Lancashire head made him refuse. In the end, however, he agreed, but, in the meantime, Neil, who had mistaken the reason for his reluctance, had become even more cock-a-hoop.

He bounded into the ring on the night of the fight utterly sure of himself.

He knew that in neither right nor left hand had Bowker a punch heavy enough to worry him—even the most loyal of Joe's supporters were agreed on this—but what he did not realise was that he was matched with a youngster who was to make his name as one of Britain's most brilliant bantams.

Bowker made a more sedate entry into the ring.

Less effervescent in spirits than the American, he settled himself comfortably in his corner and contented himself with smiling amiably at Frankie's spectacular gymnastics.

Neil's warming-up exercises seemed to indicate that he proposed to knock poor Joe's head clean off his shoulders in the first round, and when the gong sounded and brought them both from their corners this certainly appeared to be the American's intention.

Waded Straight In

Rugged and tremendously strong for his size, the compactly built Californian waded straight in, throwing punches from all angles. He was obviously out to finish the bout in the shortest possible time.

Had only one of the hundreds of blows he launched in Bowker's direction landed fairly and squarely the little Englishman would have lost all further interest in the proceedings.

But Bowker was never exactly where Frankie expected him to be when the blow arrived.

This way and that he ducked and swayed, sometimes doing no more than shift his head a bare inch as Neil's glove whistled past.

Enraged by the cool ease with which Bowker dodged his notorious "one round kayo," the champion redoubled his efforts, but Joe, moving round the ring on shifting, dancing feet, was never in trouble.

He was so immeasurably the American's superior in every department of the game that the fight more closely resembled one between master and pupil than challenger and champion.

Striking Contrast

And as round after round went by and Neil's efforts to nail his elusive opponent became even more furious, the contrast in styles was yet more strikingly marked.

Frankie's reckless, tear-away methods only served to enhance the fascinating smoothness of Bowker's movements.

He boxed with the precision of a well-oiled machine, repeatedly shooting out a long left, which, if less vicious than Neil's hooks and swings, at least scored with a regularity that became almost monotonous.

Before half of the scheduled twenty rounds had been fought it was plain that Neil was outclassed, and although he stuck to his hopeless task with dogged persistence the issue was never in doubt.

Occasionally when he fondly imagined that he had Bowker trapped in a corner a gleam of determination would light the champion's eyes and he would charge in like a buffalo, but with a shift and a twist Joe would be gone, and Neil would spin on his heels to face him and resume the chase.

When the final gong rang and the crestfallen Yankee turned to walk disconsolately to his corner there was no need for the referee to point in Bowker's direction.

The smiling little lad from Lancashire was then so far ahead on points that everyone in the packed club realised that "Frisco" Frankie would be returning home minus his crown.

He had lost it to a man whose superlative skill in making himself elusive and hard to hit was to earn him the title of the 'Fighting Phantom."

Brilliantly though Bowker boxed that night, his work in his two memorable clashes with that flashy master of ringcraft Pedlar Palmer was even more amazing.

The "Fighting Phantom" twice defeated the "Box of Tricks," and those bouts are still remembered as classics of the ring.

Met First Waterloo

The Pedlar, whose dazzling, impudent style enabled him to box rings round almost every fighter who tried to wrest his British title from him, met his Waterloo when he accepted Bowker's challenge.

For all his foxiness and cunning, Palmer could not find a single trick among the scores of which he was such a skilful master with which to fool the imperturbable Bowker.

He was as fast and scintillating as he had ever been as he danced around on twinkling feet, but all his bobbing and weaving was wasted when matched against the "Phantom's" faultless perfection of style.

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Fought Bomb Room Fire

SUB-LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER MITCHELL HODGE, of the Royal Navy, spread his legs slightly further apart as he felt the giant warship nose her way into the heavy sea.

It was good to be alive, he thought.

There was a war on, but closely fought naval engagements are the things to quicken a sailor's pulse.

Suddenly, an explosion echoed through the ship.

A wall of flame belched out at Hodge.

The blast hurled him into a corner while the ship shuddered from stem to stern, then listed dangerously.

"That came from the bomb-room," Hodge thought, as he picked himself up.

He dashed down the companionway only to find clouds of thick, greenish-yellow smoke billowing out through gaps in the walls of the bomb-room.

Hodge heard the injured groaning and an ominous crackling revealed that the place was already on fire.

What would happen when those flames reached the racks holding hundreds of bombs?

Sucking in a deep gulp of clean air, he dashed into the shambles.

The fire had not gained much headway.

Hodge beat it out with his bare hands, then turned to the task of rescuing the injured men.

Crawling on hands and knees through the smoke, he groped around until he felt a man whose groans showed him to be still alive.

He slid his hands under the victim and lurched in the direction of the doorway.

Willing hands reached out to relieve him of his burden.

Some of the men at the door volunteered to help Hodge with his task. But the sub-lieutenant waved them back.

"This place might go up at any moment," he remarked. "One's enough. You'd better keep back in case of fireworks!"

Time after time Sub-Lieutenant Hodge braved the terrors of the wrecked bomb-room to drag out injured comrades.

Only once did he permit others to risk their lives. And that was when he located a man who had been pinned down by two heavy bombs.

Apart from that, he insisted on carrying out the rescue work alone.

In the words of the official citation: **"... he did not go on deck until he had satisfied himself that no one was left alive below. . . . He saved all the lives he could though; for all he knew, further fatal explosions might occur at any moment."**

Surely no one ever did more to earn the Empire Gallantry Medal!

Wartime Smoking and Your Smile

Whatever Wartime makes you do, take no chances with your teeth. A real ODOL Smile is more important than ever. And, above all, don't risk a tooth-paste which uses abrasives to secure whitening. It will injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay.
What about your tooth-paste? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the slightest trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is the finest and smoothest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Your fighting man will welcome a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice in his next parcel. It's the most convenient to carry.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE AND SOLID DENTIFRICE *Smile!*

IRON-STRENGTH

will give you

STRONGER NERVES
GREATER ENDURANCE
MORE ENERGY

Take IRON 'JELLOIDS' and 'go to it' with *iron-strength!* Extra iron will give you extra energy, and IRON 'JELLOIDS' provide energising iron in its most effective, most easily assimilated form.

If you are to have the strength and endurance and nervous energy to work extra long hours at high pressure, you *must* have iron-strength—so *start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal.*

IRON 'JELLOIDS' will increase the energy-efficiency of every cell in your body, invigorate your blood, increase your endurance, strengthen your nerves. You can get IRON 'JELLOIDS' at any chemist's. The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days.

1/3 & 3/-
Of all chemists and stores

As a famous physician has written:

"Iron 'Jelloids' present us with an efficient manner of administering iron in the most convenient and successful form yet known. Iron 'Jelloids' may be taken with the sure knowledge that benefit will accrue."

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A *(containing quinine).* For WOMEN: No. 2

fortify you with IRON-strength!

The word 'Jelloids' is regd. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

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Please send your booklet "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength."

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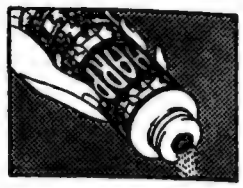
J.B. 16/11/40

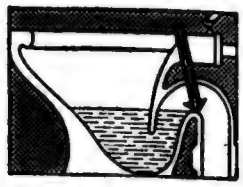
Post UNsealed under 1d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

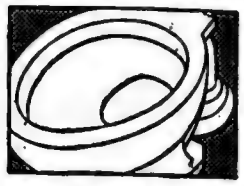
quickly, simply, thoroughly!



1 Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan. Leave as long as possible—then flush



2 Harpic reaches that hidden bend



3 It's done! The bowl is glistening—the pan is clean and sanitary

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected jobs have to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

HARPIC for the lavatory

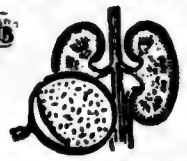
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

END RHEUMATISM WHILE YOU SLEEP



If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are BACKACHE, ACHING JOINTS AND LIMBS, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, GETTING UP NIGHTS, DIZZINESS, NERVOUSNESS, CIRCLES UNDER EYES, BURNING, ITCHING PASSAGES, LOSS OF ENERGY AND APPETITE, AND FREQUENT HEADACHES AND COLDS, ETC. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your trouble—

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers.
Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 78 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. J. C writes: "*I am 70 years old and have suffered with terrible backaches and pains, continually getting up at night, and, thanks to 'Cystex,' I am much better than I have been for years.*" Mr. P. D.: "*The wonders Cystex has worked with me seems almost impossible. If they were £1 a box they would still be worth double.*"

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package to the address below. Act now! From Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 6/-. The guarantee protects you

Cystex The GUARANTEED Remedy for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

Knox Laboratories Ltd., 81 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1

COULD NOT SLEEP FOR THE PAIN OF PILES

"Dear Sirs, For the past fortnight life has been a misery. I had no sleep and could not sit down because of the intense pain and bleeding. I was dreading an operation. After using four **GERMOLOIDS** I got relief. I feel a different woman now and can walk with ease."
(*Mrs. G. W., Leicester.*)

It's true! Even the worst case of piles is soothed and healed by ***Germoloids***, which contain the same medication as the world-famous Germolene Brand Ointment. Acting as you sleep, ***Germoloids*** heal the lacerated tissue, stop itching and smarting, bring down the swelling and protect the nerves. Constipation goes, too. Begin to **END YOUR PAIN** and misery **TO-NIGHT.** Get a box of these simple, clean EFFECTIVE suppositories.

GERMOLOIDS Brand are obtainable from all chemists and cost only 1/3 per box.

End That INDIGESTION

Why suffer nagging, burning Stomach Pain day after day? End it once and for all with **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder,** the speediest and most successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and the proved safeguard against those dreaded complications, Gastritis, Ulcer and Operation. Like thousands of others, you can benefit, and here's the way to prove it! Get a 1/5 bottle. If it doesn't bring relief, return the empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. But remember, **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine when the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

From all Chemists. In bottles 1/5, 2/3, 5, 7½d.
Also in handy tablet form in Pocket Tins, 7d.
Including Purchase Tax

Voice of the People

★ This is YOUR feature — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the Peop'e," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

REALLY bright is the suggestion of a local newspaper that mayoral chains (many of them are of gold and other precious metals) should be surrendered to the Treasury to help the war effort, while the medallions containing the coat-of-arms are retained to be worn on ribbons.

I don't know whether it is waste of time to tell national newspapers about such wise suggestions in the "locals," but there it is.—C. W. Dakin, Olive Avenue, Long Eaton, Nottingham.

Great reforms have first found voice in the "local." To this sound idea of the "Morecambe and Heysham Visitor," JOHN BULL adds that cities and towns have conferred their "freedom" in thousands of gold caskets locked away in the homes of this country. A grateful letter from the Treasury would surely be just as well worth keeping.

NOT until people realise that they must now reorganise their lives somewhat will our war time problems be solved.

Transport is an instance in point.

Regularly, I see girl factory workers having to wait upwards of an hour before they can board a 'bus, because they are ousted by married women with crammed shopping-baskets.

If people can't be made to realise the selfishness of indulging in unnecessary travel at such a time, the Ministry of transport should reserve for workers only a transport system adequate to their needs.—G. A. Downer, Sherwood Avenue, Blidworth, Notts.

THANK God for magistrates like Mr. Claude Mullins.

He speaks with disgust of landlords who try to frighten bombed-out tenants by threatening to distrain on what few little possessions are left to them.

Where a landlord argues that a wreck of a home is still habitable, he should be ordered to stay a given time in the place as proof that that is his real opinion.

That would often bring about a change of mind.—John Spencer, Brighton Road, South Croydon.

IF a film star who has enlisted wants time to complete a film he gets special leave—and a big sum of money from the film company.

Yet a soldier whose baby is sick cannot get two days' leave.—A. H. James, Conway Road, Carlton, Nottingham.

There isn't so much pampering of film actors, boxers and footballers as there was a few months ago, when it was something approaching a scandal. It is sometimes worth while "lending" a soldier to a film company if the article he helps to make brings much-wanted dollars into the country. Compassionate leave depends on the "C.O." Many are human—a few foolishingly believe harness to be efficiency.

CHILDREN aren't getting a square deal at the sweet shop.

Sugar is "up" by a penny a pound.

Yet, although their content is mainly sugar, the youngsters are having to pay 8d. a pound more for their boiled sweets. —A. R., Sheffield.

The little sweet-shop keeper, drastically rationed as to supplies, is finding it much harder to get a living.

QUITE apart from what happens to the occupants of a train travelling at sixty miles an hour when tracks, bridges and viaducts are hit by bombs—there is this:

A train derailed at fifteen miles an hour should do minor damage only to the track on which it travels.

At sixty miles an hour it will certainly cause a serious and long obstruction to both parallel and opposite lines; may cause total obstruction to a key railway. —L. A. Davies, Crescent Road, Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen, Glams.

JOHN BULL didn't recommend that trains should tear along at full speed when bombers were overhead. "Alerts" last as long as twelve hours. We maintain that it is wrong for trains that may be in danger for only twenty minutes of that time to crawl like a snail the whole time.

RECENTLY recruited, I travelled to a unit in one of the bleakest parts of Britain.

I can't describe how wet and miserable I felt when I arrived. Blowing on my hands, I offered up a prayer for a mild winter.

An old sweat looked at me closely.

"Don't hope for good weather, mate," he said. "You've got to hope for the cruellest winter this country's ever known—if it keeps the German bombers away from our people. It'll be tough on us, but, blimey, we're not soldiers for nothing!"

The other soldiers added: "Hear, hear."—Gunner T. D., Heavy A.A. Training Regt., "Somewhere in Britain."

MY son, serving in a warship, told me and his fiancée that he will in future send us nothing but bald announcements, devoid of sentiment of any kind.

He claims that the officer responsible for censoring letters makes public announcements about any touches of sentimentality he finds in them, pillorying the writer in the most unkind manner.

"He won't have a chance of laughing at mine," he says.—Mrs. D. W., Norwich.

This reader should inform the Admiralty, in the interests both of her son and his shipmates. If the charge is substantiated (and we hope it is mere misunderstanding) we doubt whether that officer would ever have another chance to act so caddishly.

WE have read with surprise in this small town in South Devon that, because there is a war on, we must drink dirty milk.

The Medical Officer of Health tells us in his report: *"Forty per cent. of the milk failed the test. The condition of dairies and cowsheds is most unsatisfactory. This is a matter that will have to be dealt with* WHEN THE COUNTRY IS AGAIN SETTLED."

Yet children down here are being urged to drink more milk!—Mrs. D. L., Tavistock, Devon.

Heigh-ho! And the Food Ministry tell us that war is a reason why we should treat even a stale crust with reverence.

IT did my heart good to see mothers and kiddies pouring into this little Northamptonshire village, away from the storm of the bombed districts.

I rejoiced to see the issue of clothes; the all-round anxiety to help them.

But that afternoon, standing in a small shop, I saw another aspect of it.

Two mothers, just arrived in the area, entered with their children. They cast hungry eyes on the cooked meats displayed. They put down treasured silver.

Then the shopkeeper drew their attention to the notice pointing out that, as it was early closing day, only a few unimportant things that hungry people didn't want could be bought.—Mrs. C. M. Cheshire, Florence Road, Northampton.

PASSING a timber yard, I noticed a huge pile of wood—small lengths of planks and floor-board and 4-ft. lengths of batten—being destroyed in a kiln.

I thought timber was important to the national effort.

And I know people who are desperately eager to get firewood—yet can't.—A. Norman, Durley Park, Bath.

A timber-yard at Ruislip, Middlesex, sold off at pre-war prices. Proprietor had to close down because he couldn't get supplies. We found most of the purchasers were buying wood to store because of its cheapness.

AN auxiliary fireman, I was ordered to a house that had a bomb blazing on the roof.

After we had extinguished the fire we told the calm occupant of the house that the water used on the fire would probably come through his ceiling.

"Oh, that's all right, boys," he said. "Water has always come through that roof, anyway."—Victor E. Chapman, 12 x Sub-station, London Fire Brigade.

WE are constantly being told to save every scrap of metal. Why is it, then, that lorry loads of scrap metal are being dumped into a pit partly filled with water?

Why should housewives save it, when this sort of thing goes on?—G. T. Shalcross, Park Lane, Tottenham, N.

Authorities are eager that people giving old metal are not disappointed when it is left for months on some dump. Constant collection is taken where transport is easy. The rest is regarded as a second-line reserve, something that is there when the first line fails. Some dumps are fifth-line reserves, but it is none the less important to ensure that when they are drawn on there will be plenty of stuff there.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—". . . it provides a fairly unobtrusive tuning signal for SUPERSTITIOUS listening."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"Maybe she's been pouring it all on troubled WAITERS."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—". . . despite having gained about nine pounds since his release from POISON."

OXFORD MAIL:—"Canada's production of aircraft was FOUR times greater than before the war began and within a year it would be TRIPLED."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"She strained her EYES to listen for the sound of planes."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The only form of HEARING was a gas ring."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Much the Same as Before

"WE can only live from day to day," exclaim the Dismal Jimmies. "It's no use making any plans. No one knows what's going to happen."

Now that's all very well. Let us grant that the times are abnormal.

Let us admit that life is different. Let us agree that everything is difficult. Let us do all that, yet the very pertinent question still remains: "*When did you ever know what was going to happen?*"

It's no use talking as though we were all psychic before the war! Life was always uncertain.

The future was always hidden from us. We could always only live from day to day, and hope that the plans we made would produce results.

All the time we could only hope.

We could never know.

Why not continue to plan and hope? Don't let's pretend that the war has made any difference to us in that way. Don't let's make it an excuse for giving in.

Let us just go on doing what we always did—look forward to the future being better than the past, and as good as we can make it.

War or no war, the raw materials of happiness and contentment are still with us.

We can still see and hear and think.

We can still meet people and exchange views. We can still look forward with hope instead of gazing back with regret.

We can still show our worth by making the best of the present.

What else could we ever do?

Don't let us allow the state of the world to wreck our sense of proportion.

Life was always an adventure into the unknown.

If in these days it is more adventurous than usual, all the more need to cling the tighter to those things that have always helped to lighten the journey.

The Last Laugh

S. B. (Hull).—"I suggest that after the war there should be a real naval holiday." But the German and Italian navies are already having one.

B. N (Banff).—"Is it true that common salt is one of the best and cheapest of medicines?" Well, it certainly cures fish.

K. K. (Castleton).—"After I had extinguished the light I dealt with the interfering neighbour who called to complain about it." You promptly put him out, too?

F. N (Faversham). — "I attempted to speak some soothing words but was howled down." How long have you been a father?

OUTSIDER (Birmingham).—"If I found a good post now I should collapse." No, you wouldn't, you'd lean up against it.

N. T. (Ramsgate).—"What do you think my girl friend wanted to know when I told her I had lost all my savings to a bookie?" His address?

A. G. (Liverpool).—"When the exploding bomb extinguished the lights, the typist threw her arms tightly round my neck." So that helped to brighten things up, eh?

FLOSSIE (Windsor).—"I heard of a woman in America who got a divorce because her husband talked in his sleep." We know a lot of fellows who would like to learn how to talk when sleeping.

F. F. (Batley).—"I know a Scotsman who swallows everything at meal-times without chewing." Obviously he wants to save wear and tear on his teeth.

G. M. (Failsworth).—"And I'll bet you have never met a stingier man than my boss is." Don't you believe it We know a fellow who goes out without his braces and belt so that he will have to keep his hands in his pockets.

C. D. (Hornsea). — "It is queer what love can do to a man, isn't it?" Yes; it makes him think almost as much of a girl as he thinks of himself.

M. B. (Haverhill). — "I'm fifty-five years of age and I've got an idea . . ." We bet it's a good one —beginner's luck, you know.

T. R. (Blisworth).—"I told my small daughter that a friend who was coming to dinner ate like a horse; and what do you think happened as a result?" She took away his knife and fork?

J. A. (Bolton).—"My neighbour's wife has a new set of furs, but the poor chap himself hasn't an overcoat." Perhaps he doesn't need one. After all, the mere thought of the instalments due on the furs will make him perspire.

TRAVELLER (Halifax).—"In some parts of South America the wind always blows." Well, that's about all it ever does over here, too.

B. D. (Salisbury).—"I remember years ago having a white waistcoat with red spots." Did you buy it like that or were you careless with your tomato soup?

T. M. (Preston).—"Women are not so eager to give Nazi pilots cups of tea—they are learning to hate." Especially since the news about silk stockings.

L. K. (Stoke).—"I once lived in a cave by the seashore for a week." Somebody pinched your bathing costume?

B. S. (St. Ives).—"Some people never know what to do with their hands on the stage." Or at whist-drives.

F. R. (Atherstone).—"Do you believe in dreams?" No, not since a certain blonde one cruelly deceived us.

P. C. (Hampstead).—"A good old London fog makes pickpockets very busy." Yes, but they can't lift *that*.

S. N. (Perth).—"I'm afraid I cannot see much in your weekly publication." Very well, we're sporting enough to go fifty-fifty in the cost of a new pair of specs.

D. B. (Neath).—"The 'flu germ left me weak and depressed." Serve the little beggar right.

E. C. (Hunstanton).—"Grapefruit cleanses the blood, assists breathing and stimulates energy." Then there must be more in it than meets the eye.

G. M. (Bow).—"I have over four tons of scrap metal ready to go to the smelting-pot. What ought I to get for it?" A five-ton lorry.

(Side-slips : See page 21)

RESULT OF X-WORD No. 226.

The following two competitors share £100, each receiving £50 for set of most meritorious Answers seen in square below :—

Miss L. CHIDSEY,
The Sundial, Red Lane, Claygate, Surrey.

C. E. SCOTT,
4, Jenner Street, Carrington, Nottingham.

£25 First Runners-up Award is shared between 31 entrants, each receiving 15s. 2d., together with one of "John Bull's" famous Christmas Fowls. Surprise Awards for each of 198 Second Runners-up.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those in square on right. Blank spaces indicate that PAD or PAW and ACHES or ASHES were Answers of equal merit.

B	L	A	M	E			P	A	
U	R	N		A		H	E	S	
N		T	A	R		E		I	F
	S	I	R		W	N		D	E
J	O		D		A		D	E	E
O		L	O	S	S		Y		D
B	T		U	T	H		E	D	
	R		R	A		D	R	A	G
F	A	R		R	A	G		N	
	M	A	D	E		A	R	K	

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I said, I reckon it's time you went to the shelter!!!"

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT XMAS GIFT FOR THE CHILDREN OF ITS READERS

for the Biggest Xmas Thrill for Children ever devised!

HURRY THE MAMMOTH BOOK of WORKING MODELS

LOOK! THEY ALL WORK!
Real Models out of a Book! You simply open the Book, press out the parts, put them together, and they work like the real thing.
VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE
S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH
CHAIRPLANE
SPINNING WHEEL
CRANE
CAR OF THE FUTURE
AD 2000

DON'T BE TOO LATE! POST FORM AT ONCE!

THE KIDDIES DESERVE THIS THRILLING XMAS GIFT—"John Bull's" wonderful Gift for children of all ages—something fascinating and thrilling beyond measure, of which the children never get tired—"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS" AND THE WONDER POWER UNIT—the greatest idea of the century for children. Get this remarkable book for a child you love now, before it is too late. It is yours at an amazing privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications must be dealt with in strict rotation. YOU SEND NO MONEY FOR THIS BOOK NOW. But you must apply at once on the Order Label below. HURRY! Just think—Real models out of a book. Six large size, lifelike, FULL COLOUR models and the Wonder Power Unit—All you have to do is to open the book, then with a gentle pressure of the fingers you separate the model parts—put them together—and hey presto—they all work—just like the real thing. Full instructions are supplied with each book. There is a Full Kit of accessories, including spares, and a supply of special model glue. Now see below the wonderful Models that come in this book.

Half Guinea WORK FOR 2/9 PLUS 1/- WHICH INCLUDES CARRIAGE, PACKING, INSURANCE, ETC.

THE WONDER POWER UNIT which drives some of the working models is a reproduction of an electric motor or turbine, with speed regulation, stop and start controls—it works without oil, steam, electricity, water or light and is simple and absolutely harmless—every child can work it. Size 13 in. high by 5 in. wide.

And now for the Six Models: **S.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH**—Size 13 in. long by 1½ in. wide. **CHAIROPLANE** — Size 20 in. diameter, 13 in. high. **The CRANE**—Size 6 in. high by 5½ in. wide with a 10 in. arm. **The VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE**—Size 8½ in. high, base 4½ in. **SPINNING WHEEL**—Size 6½ in. high by 8 in. wide. **THE CAR OF THE FUTURE**—Size 13½ in. long by 4½ in. wide.

For this amazing book you send, after you receive your invoice, only 2s. 8d. plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW Fill in Order Label below. Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Privilege Voucher and printed matter and post at once in an unsealed envelope, bearing a penny stamp to

"Model" Book Presentation, Dept. J.L.2,
39, Earlham Street, London, W.C.2. (Pref.).

On receipt of Order Label "John Bull" will send an invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this Invoice together with your remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid to your home. YOUR CHILDREN are looking to you—war or no war—to give them a real Xmas—This wonderful Book will make them jump for joy!

OUT HERE

"MAMMOTH BOOK OF WORKING MODELS"

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

A PENNY STAMP MUST be affixed here by you.

Write on left in BLOCK LETTERS.

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.L.2. 16/11/40.

XMAS CHEQUES and DINNERS galore - ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

Prize £100 £20 £10

25 PLUMP 'John Bull' XMAS TURKEYS | 50 FINE 'John Bull' XMAS FOWLS | 1000

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

COUPON BELOW—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee

ENTRY-FEE Send P.O. or stamps at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,248, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

1,040 PRIZES THIS WEEK—THIS WAY TO WIN YOURS!

£50 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,266
B. O'CONNELL, 69, Norfolk Street, Swansea, Glam.
Example: TRUE BLUE
Bullet: The "COMMON STAMP" To-DAY.

£20, Second Prize: H. Widdowson, Fellside, Corbridge-on-Tyne, Northumberland.
Example: Road to Victory
Bullet: Jog Them, Jumping Allen!

£10, Third Prize: R. G. Isaac, 3, Furzeno Terrace, Pedshiewtyn, Neath, Glam.
Example: In the Light
Bullet: Of Inconsistency, "Hatchet Surface."

100s.: Mrs. J. M. Steven, 56, Ring Street, Cleethbridge.
Like Hitler—But Simpler "Conquered" World.

80s.: J. Wright, 21, Morton St., Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
In The Light—Of Burning Beauty, Bullet-shaped!

60s.: L. A. Watson, 10, Broad Row, Gt. Yarmouth
Makes Life A Trial—Restless—It Must Die!

40s.: A. Ellis, 4, Princess Royal Terrace, Scarborough.
Makes Life A Quagmire—"Pleading" It With Liquor.

30s.: J. Dalzell, 751, Dumbarton Road, Dalmuir, Glasgow.
As A Reprisal—Bombing Real Airways? "Hospitals."

20s.: Mrs. M. Gale, 28, Cookson Street, Blackpool.
Invasion of Britain—Annulled—"Quiet Grave" Bristling.

20s.: C. D. House, "Treseo," Tyning Road, Saltford, Nr. Bristol.
Invasion of Britain—Perhaps Avoids Ruffian Enemy!

20s.: W. Husbands, Baggrow, Aspatria, Cumberland.
Invasion of Britain—We've Stopped Hell's Harpoon!

20s.: A. Moore, Red Bank Cottage, Welshpool, Mont.
Shock For Wily—*Hitler* "Re-arranged" The Furniture!

20s.: J. R. Russell, 3, Goring Way, Greenford, Middx.
Health—Don't "Tax"—Don't "Purchase."

20s.: Mrs. E. Thompson, 90, Seventh Avenue, Clipstone Colliery, Nr. Mansfield.
Health—Threatened—Our Cartoon's Dump!

20s.: Miss M. Williams, 19, Landor Road, Clapham, S.W.
Getting The Plums—"Storms" Slowing Down, Stalin.

List of 25 winners of Christmas Turkeys can be seen at these offices and 1,000 3-in-1 Merit Awards have been posted.

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and there is a *Bullet* which may win you that £100 First Prize.

There are 15 winning *Bullets* in adjoining column, waiting to show you how easily a few words can capture a useful cheque and on the right is a *Bullets* coupon waiting for YOUR prize efforts—go to it!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S POLICY
ARMY OF CIVILIANS
PETAIN
THE RIGHT WAS FOGGY, SO
AMID THE DEBRIS
OUR FIGHTERS
RISKING HIS LIFE
THROWING MONEY AWAY
WAILING WILLIE
GIANT'S TASK
WHAT'S HAPPENING
JOB FOR EVERYBODY
COMMUNITY SPIRIT
SLICE OF LUCK
THE MEN
WHAT WE MISS
PATRIOTISM
FAT ON THE BACK
NOT A BIT OF USE
GREECE WAS NEUTRAL, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Pill For ..... Made Auntie.....
Seeing Her ..... Amuses .....
Puzzled..... Won't Stop.....

X-WORDERS' £50 REWARD—FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

Exclusively for Crosswordersto taking up BULLETS, there is a new £50 cash Reward. If you entered for any of the last three Crossword Contests (Nos. 224, 225 or 226), place letter "X" after your name on BULLETS coupon. Reward will be equally divided between entrants thus qualified who win ANY prize in BULLETS Nos. 1,246, 1,247 or 1,248. Do not miss your entry this week, for Contest No. 1,248 is the last in which you can secure your special Reward!

Crosswordersshould note that all Entry Vouchers issued in connection with Crosswords are now, of course, eligible for *Bullets*—and that Crossword No. 226 Result appears on page 22.

20 BONUSES each value £1

The 20 entrants whose sets of SIX "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive Bonus Award value £1.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

1,248 Closing Postmark SAT., NOV. 23

Signed .....

Address .....

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of POST-FREE 'BULLETIN'

To Secure Your Bulletin.

ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus obtain your POST-FREE Bulletin with special help for Crosswordersto. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your invaluable guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

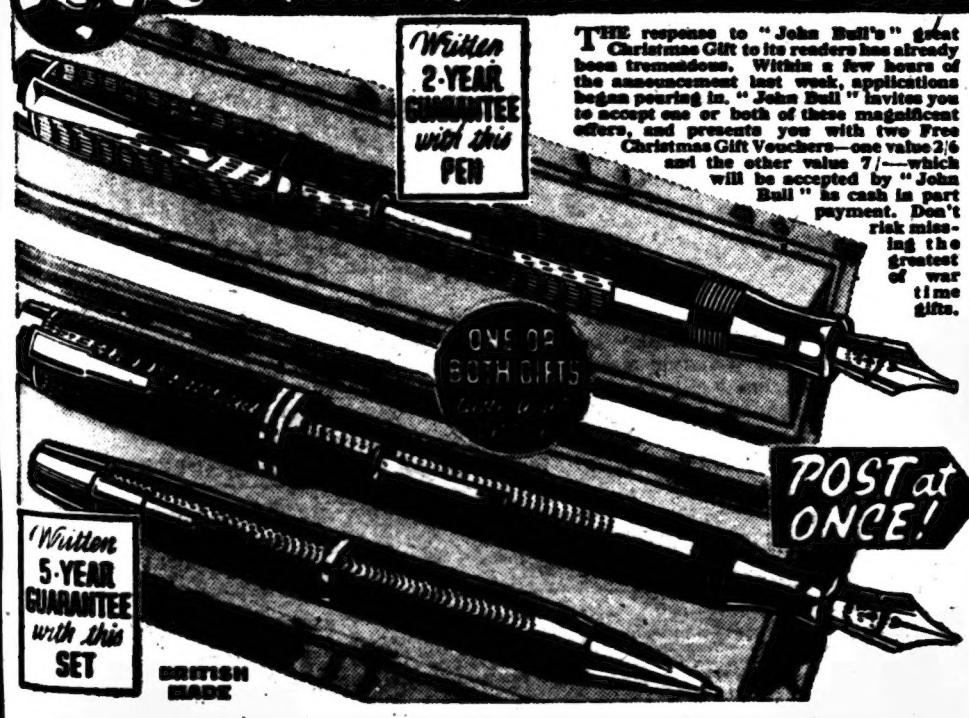
61

STAMPS may be used as **ENTRY-FEE**—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

John Bull's great Xmas Gift to You



THE response to "John Bull's" great Christmas Gift to its readers has already been tremendous. Within a few hours of the announcement last week, applications began pouring in. "John Bull" invites you to accept one or both of these magnificent offers, and presents you with two Free Christmas Gift Vouchers—one value 2/6 and the other value 7/—which will be accepted by "John Bull" as cash in part payment. Don't risk missing the greatest of war time gifts.

BREAKING ALL RECORDS!

John Bull VALUE 2/6
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- lever filling fountain pen. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 2/10, which includes postage and insurance.

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- lever filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, is fitted with a 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib tipped with iridium.

Written 5-year Guarantee with this Pen.

John Bull VALUE 7/-
Xmas Gift Voucher
This Voucher will be accepted as 7/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de-luxe. Voucher must be accompanied by a postal order for 5/10, which includes postage and insurance.

A FREE 7/- GIFT VOUCHER

will be accepted as 7/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Writing Set de-luxe. The lever filling pen is fitted with a large 14-ct. SOLID GOLD nib, iridium tipped. Both pen and pencil embellished with inlaid 18-ct. ROLLED GOLD bands—complete in presentation case.

Written 5-year Guarantee with this Set.

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filling Fountain Pen. I enclose P.O. for 3/6, plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 3/10 in all.
FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/- which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE-LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/6, plus 4d. for postage and insurance, making 5/10 in all.
FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD.

Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

If you desire BOTH GIFTS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/4 only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters. 16-11-40

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

Still the same fine Navy

Once more the 'Nelson touch' is seen as our sailors keep watch and ward in the finest traditions of the Navy. Another friendly sailor figure also stands for a proud tradition of quality and service. A guarantee that the Cigarette which brings pleasure and composure to thousands will remain the same fine

Navy Cut.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

★ In the National interest empty your packet at time of purchase and leave with your tobacconist

Player's Please

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS MEDIUM OR MILD 10 FOR 9D 20 FOR 1/5½

M.C.C.538C

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries & Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample; *see* coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Now free from piles."
"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved, due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Cured my Rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis," etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! ★ *'Elasto' is sold by chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

COUPON — FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how 'Elasto,' *The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.*

J.B. No. 161140.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

STOP AUTUMN CHILLS and AUTUMN ILLS

Now is the season of Autumn Ills and Autumn Chills—but it need not be the suffering season for you! *Beechams Powders* cost only 2d. each, yet the relief they bring is worth more than gold. Quicker acting and more certain in results! Try them!

FOR 2D

2d. Also Ends COLDS, 'FLU RHEUMATISM SCIATICA LUMBAGO, NERVE PAINS

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product

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